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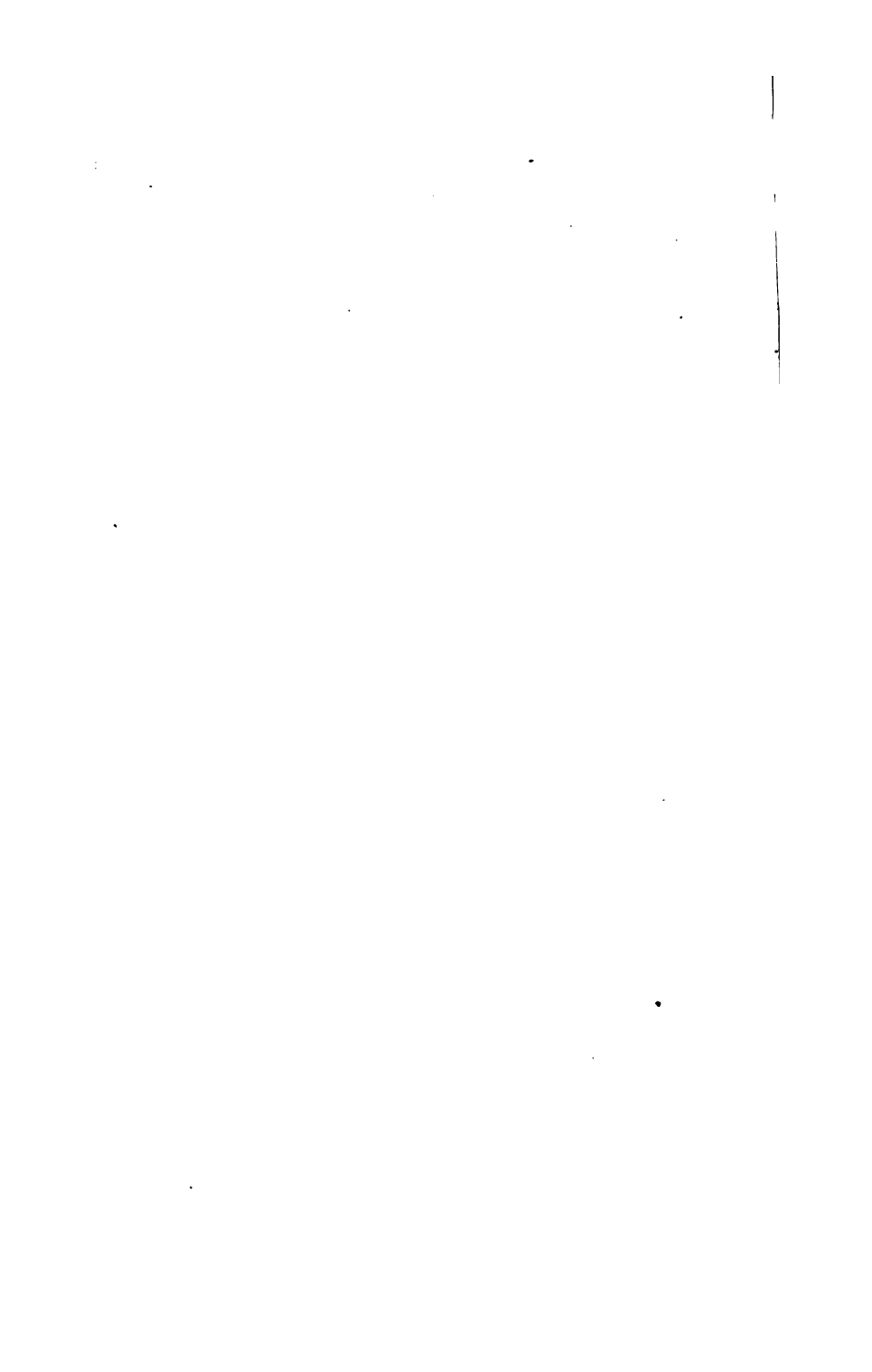


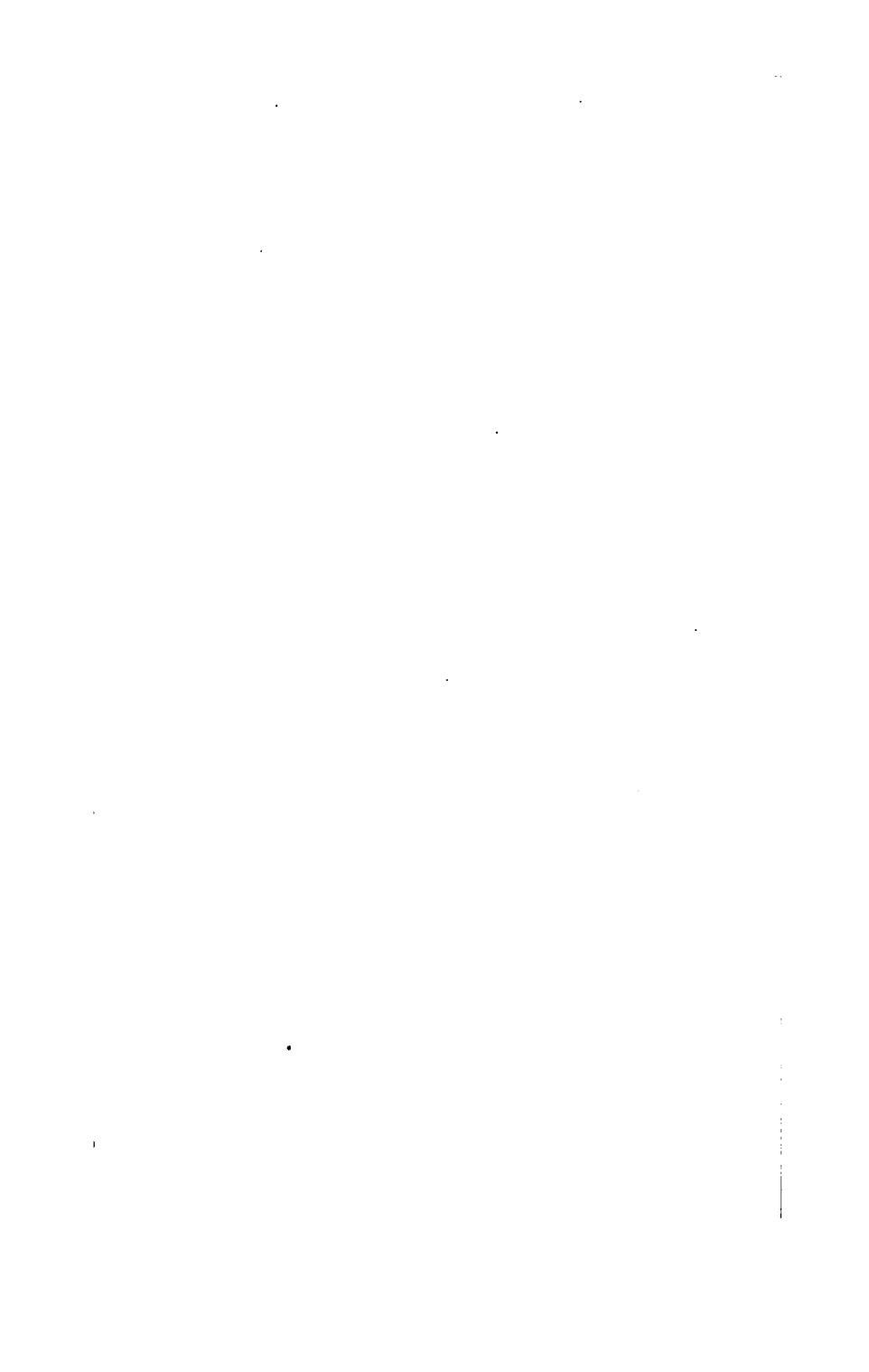


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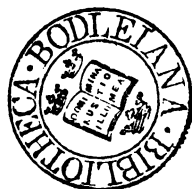






THE  
HERMIT  
OF  
ESKDALESIDE,  
WITH  
OTHER POEMS.

BY  
I. A. M.



A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,  
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live  
For evermore!

Bid the wind speak of me where I have dwelt,  
—Bid the Stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,  
A thought restore!

Song, is the gift with thee?—I ask a lay  
Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away  
From the still breast;  
Fill'd with a tone—oh! not for deathless Fame,  
But a sweet haunting murmur of my name,  
Where it would rest!

MRS. HEMANS.

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1833.

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## PREFACE.

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IN presenting to the Public a Second Edition of the *Hermit of Eskdaleside*, with the addition of other Miscellaneous Poems,—the Authoress begs to state, that she fully appreciates the influence, which a poetical description of scenes, endeared to most of her Readers, by early and pleasing associations,—may have had upon their minds, while judging of the merits of her little performance.

This kind feeling, so natural and so praiseworthy, may account for the favorable local reception of the first impression; but its present more extensive circulation will deprive the Poem of this fostering protection, and expose it to the unbiassed critical judgment of the Public, from which the Authoress does not venture to anticipate sentiments so encouraging.

It may, however, deprecate the severity of criticism, to premise—that the composition of these Poems formed the alleviation and employment of many hours, which must otherwise have been passed in the languor of indisposition. The Authoress is quite conscious that her mental powers would necessarily sympathize with the suffering and debility of her bodily frame; and that many of her Pieces are too much

——— “sicklied o’er  
With the pale cast of thought,”

arising from the emotions which pervaded her mind during their composition. The same causes, it is hoped, will also palliate and apologize for every other imperfection.

To each Individual included in the List of Subscribers, the Authoress begs to express her deep sense of obligation; and hopes that, at least, one hour’s amusement may be afforded, for the lasting honour they have conferred upon her.

*Whitby,*  
*June 13th, 1833.*



**THE**  
**HERMIT OF ESKDALESIDE.**

---

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age, a rev'rend Hermit grew ;  
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;  
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,  
Prayer all his business—all his pleasure praise.

**PARNELL.**

A little lowly Hermitage it was,  
Down in a dale hard by a forest side,  
Farre from resort of people that did pass  
In travell to and fro : a little wide  
There was an holy chapel edified,  
Wherein the Hermit duly went to say  
His holy things each morn and evening tide :  
Thereby a crystal streame did gently play.

**SPENSER.**





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THE  
HERMIT  
OF  
ESKDALESIDE.

---

SPIRIT of Poesy! whose lovely rays  
Their soothing influence have deign'd to cast  
O'er the still current of my silent days,  
And ting'd them with thy glory as they pass'd  
To find Eternity's wide sea at last.  
Spirit of Poesy! whose lightest tone  
Has been to me a witchery and a spell ;  
Whose visions oft have blest my musings lone,  
And whose bright essence, in the deepest cell  
Of my heart's worship, still has deign'd to dwell ;  
Assist me now! and may thy numbers, wreathing  
With the wild notes of my unpractis'd song,  
And o'er my strains the rapt enchantments breathing,  
Which to thy heaven-taught Lyre alone belong,  
Blend its sweet tones my humble verse among:  
And may thy mantle, SCOTT! on me descend,  
The warm admirer of thy minstrelsy

And glorious genius!—though the last attend  
Not the rude efforts of thy votary:  
Lend to my lute the pleasing melody  
Which to the Northern Harp thy touch imparted;  
Whilst I, with feebler hand, attempt to raise  
The echoes of a legend long departed—  
The ling'ring, dying tones of other days,  
Inspire my timid pencil while it strays  
O'er the lov'd scenery of my native home;  
And to depict those beauties dares essay,  
From which how gladly would I never roam,  
If Health would o'er me shed her wish'd-for ray  
And all the sadness of my soul allay!  
Assist me while I paint the ruin hoar  
Whose mould'ring arches still thy summits crown,  
The restless waves that wash thy sounding shore,  
The lovely vale where Esk meanders down,  
And all thy lonely charms, my cherish'd native town!

## I.

Fair Streoneshalh! on whose stately fane  
Where high it towers above the main,  
Where long it crown'd the rocky steep  
A beacon o'er the trackless deep,

I oft have idly gazed;

And mused upon the ruin'd halls  
With their huge strength of cloister'd walls  
In other ages raised;  
And as I watch'd the rays of light  
Through the worn arches shining bright,  
And saw heaven's canopy of blue  
The crumbling windows gleaming through,  
Where shone of old the storied pane  
Ting'd with rich colour's brightest stain,  
Which far the painted shadows flung  
Where Hilda pray'd and Cedmon sung,  
Upon the hallow'd Abbey floor,  
With grass and weeds now mantling o'er;—  
I've ponder'd o'er the tiny span  
Allotted to the works of man,  
And sadly mus'd o'er the decay  
That sweeps our mightiest deeds away.

## II.

Fair Streoneshalh! now it is not mine  
To wail o'er thy august decline;  
To mourn the downfall of thy power,  
Or sigh above thy prostrate tower,  
On which, at noon's resplendent hour  
I've gazed, with awe-struck, anxious eye,  
In childhood's fond credulity,—

To mark Saint Hilda's shadow dim,  
Which, 'mid the cloister'd arches grim,  
Is said to linger, for a while,  
In sorrow o'er the ruin'd pile;  
Where rul'd of yore the holy maid,  
And potent intercession made,  
That, of the myriad snakes that coil  
O'er her domain's all-hallow'd soil,  
And rear their venom'd heads, each one  
Should, at her prayer, be turn'd to stone.

## III.

Fair Streoneshalh! mine be now thy strain  
To paint the honours of thy fane,  
When in our second Henry's reign  
High was thy rule—supreme thy sway—  
Peasant and prince alike obey.  
Widely thy fair domains extend—  
Thy coffer'd treasures know no end—  
While to thy favour'd sons is given  
The rule on earth, the keys of heaven.  
Then did thy massive pile look down  
Upon a humble, clust'ring town,  
Chiefly of fishers' huts composed,  
Ilk-built and carelessly disposed;

The shelter of the hardy brood  
Who seek their dangerous livelihood  
Upon the treach'rous briny flood.—  
Though mingling also there, I ween,  
Some Franklins' dwellings might be seen—  
Simple and rude their masonry  
Offensive to a modern eye.  
No Pharos then, or noble pier,  
Warn'd the toss'd vessel where to steer,  
Nor shed a bright protecting ray  
Across the waters of our bay,—  
Whose silver-crested heaving wave  
Its attribute the hamlet gave,  
And, as augments the village small,  
Its humble homes they "*White-Bay*" call.

## IV.

The gifts of Culture's teeming hand  
Were then ill-scatter'd o'er our land.  
Wide were the trackless wastes of moor  
The roe-buck bounded fleetly o'er,  
And where the Esk now sweetly glides  
Through scenes that grace its gentle tides,  
Where fields of corn, and meads of green,  
In pleasing interchange are seen,



And stately mansions crown the heights  
Which guard the lovely vale of Sleights;—  
A gloomy desert stretched around,  
Where tangled forest-growths abound.  
The wolf's long howl is sounding there,  
And there the wild-fox makes his lair,  
While oft the hurry of the chase  
Breaks the lone silence of the place;  
And hound, and knight, and yeoman dash,  
While bough and brushwood loudly crash,  
The grisly Boar to rouse and slay:—  
Such was the pastime of the day.

## V.

Two dwellings, which the peasants call  
Of each respective place, "the Hall,"  
On separate heathy hills are found,  
While humble huts are clust'ring round.  
Each is the village manor-house—  
Homes of De Piercie and De Bruce,  
Two Norman knights of gentle strain,  
Whose fathers pass'd the roaring main,  
When warlike William cross'd the brine,  
To wrest the crown from Harold's line.  
The conqu'ring Monarch gave the lands  
Their good swords won from Saxon hands,

And the rude mansions still remained  
As first their forfeit rights were gained.  
Not oft these dwellings of the waste  
Were by their masters' presence graced:—  
Aspiring, proud, and courtly bred,  
A different life the Barons led  
Than in their rude, remote homestead,  
Each in his Sov'reign's favour high  
Ambition's paths proposed to try  
And sought the halls of royalty;  
But sometimes to their manors came  
To share the sports of sylvan game,  
And left Ambition's eager race  
To taste the pleasures of the chase.

## VI.

De Bruce and Piercie both were proud,  
Handsome and young, and in the crowd  
Of life, small difference, I ween,  
Might in their characters be seen;  
Yet were the features of their souls  
Separate, as th' ideal poles,  
On which, through space, our planet rolls.  
Gen'rous was Piercie's nature high  
Which sparkled in his falcon eye  
The lofty light of chivalry;

Deceit and meanness were his scorn—  
And oft Oppression's slave forlorn  
Would to De Pierce's halls repair,  
Sure of protecting safety there:  
Foremost in battle's stirring hour—  
Humane in conquest's dreadful power—  
Courteous and mild in lady's bower.

## VII.

Yet fairer gifts of outward grace  
The eye in Bruce's form might trace  
Of noble mould and faultless face.  
The beauty of the serpent's skin  
Conceals the venom'd store within,  
In tortuous paths it loves to wind,  
Arch-enemy of human kind,  
Since the deep wiles of its advice  
Cost our first parents Paradise,  
And brought the heritage of woe,  
Labour and death, on all below.  
Meet emblem is the venom'd worm  
Of the De Bruce's soul and form,  
Whose manners, graceful and refin'd,  
Hid a perfidious heart and mind:  
His aims concentr'd all in self—  
His pleasure, profit, power, or pelf,

Nor guilt, nor crime, his hand restrained  
If, by these means, his ends were gained,—  
Yet were his sins conceal'd and sly,  
And veil'd with soft hypocrisy;  
Though many a ruin'd house could tell  
By the De Bruce's arts it fell  
His coffers and estates to swell;  
And many a lovely lady sigh'd  
Bereft of hope and maiden pride,  
And sadly wail'd the luckless hour  
When the false knight first sought her bower.  
Now, at his sov'reign's kind command,  
De Bruce aspires to Clara's hand  
The crown's own highly portion'd ward,—  
Nor his success does ought retard,  
But thrives his suit, and speeds his flame,  
With the fair, wealthy Norman dame.

## VIII.

At present, on their Yorkshire ground,  
De Bruce and Piercie both are found,  
By purpose met, with other knights,  
To share the hunters' keen delights;  
To chase the Stag, the Boar to slay,  
To make the horrid Wolf their prey,—

While plots, and schemes, and war's alarms,  
And prosp'rous love's bewitching charms,  
Are, for the nonce, alike resign'd  
For the rude joys that sportsmen find,—  
For merriment and heartsome glee  
And careless mirth and jollity.

## IX.

Where our fair stream's blue waters glide  
Through the rich banks of Eskdaleside,  
There rose, of old, a humble cell—  
Where, as our ancient legends tell,  
A holy Hermit lov'd to dwell.  
A Monk of Streoneshalh's pile was he,  
Of spotless life and sanctity.  
Better he lov'd in this abode  
To rest with Nature and his God,  
Than in St. Hilda's walls immur'd  
From fair creation's charms obscur'd  
In those bright scenes to have no part,  
Which light devotion in the heart.  
A chapel small, of structure rude,  
Near the low cell adjoining stood:  
When morn's first light was beaming there,  
It found the Holy Man in prayer—

And when noon pour'd her glowing rays  
They saw the Monk absorb'd in praise—  
While under 'ev'ning's deep'ning shade,  
Still the old Hermit knelt and pray'd.  
'Tis sweet to list the tinkling bell  
Which sounds at eve from that lone cell,  
And tells Religion's lovely tale  
Far down the soft reposing vale,  
When sober ev'ning's shadowy ray  
Succeeds the splendour of the day,  
And softly shine the wood and stream  
Beneath that gentle, chasten'd beam;  
The bee's grave hum, the bird's wild note,  
On western zephyrs sweetly float,  
Till night her sable mantle throws  
And veils the scene in soft repose:  
How sweetly through the forest dim  
Rose the good Hermit's midnight hymn,  
While to the list'ning moon and sky  
He pour'd his strains sublime and high—  
Devotion's purest harmony!

## X.

A mile's short distance from the shade  
Where the old Hermit knelt and pray'd,

A Franklin's ample home was found,  
With cultur'd fields reposing round:  
A shelter'd, happy-looking spot,  
A wealthy Saxon's goodly lot,—  
Between the river and the wood  
On a soft rising ground it stood,  
The tranquil home of love and peace,  
Industry, with alternate ease.  
Its owner was an honest heart  
Who lov'd repose, and took no part  
In the unsettled time's turmoil—  
But till'd, well pleas'd, his native soil:  
A tender father, and a kind  
And gen'rous master—still inclin'd  
His bondsmens' hearts with grace to bind  
And find their love his safest guard;—  
Such was the Saxon Hereward.

## XI.

A lovely and an only child  
Within this peaceful mansion smil'd:  
A fairer or a gentler maid  
Than blue-ey'd Emma, never stray'd  
Through the wild haunts of sylvan shade.  
Her widow'd father's treasur'd joy,  
Light of his eyes, his age's toy,

Rear'd in the lap of tenderness,  
Stranger to sorrow and distress,  
Her light and happy youthful heart  
Had known no pain, had felt no smart.  
Conceal'd within her native shades,  
Her joys all centred in their glades,—  
Shrugg'd from the tumult of the world,  
In peace her blooming charms unfurl'd.  
She fear'd no ill—she knew no wrong—  
But sweetly pour'd her joyous song  
Her lovely native woods among,  
And peaceful pass'd her happy time,  
Nor reck'd of guilt, nor dream'd of crime,—  
While all she felt of misery  
Was, when some fav'rite dove would die.

## XII.

The simple household own her sway  
And all her gentle rule obey.  
To gain the milky mother's store  
Her maidens she presided o'er,  
And oft her fairy fingers plied  
The spindle's whirling dance to guide,  
While snowy rounds of wheaten cakes  
She sometimes o'er the ashes bakes.



Her sire to soothe in evening's shade,  
Oft on the virginals she play'd,—  
And would her flaxen tresses braid  
With wreathing flowers, on holidays,  
When through her father's fields she strays—  
Or grac'd the pastime of the day,  
With garlands crown'd the queen of May.

## XIII.

Once in an ill-starr'd, luckless hour,  
De Bruce had mark'd this forest-flower  
Where her soft bloom the woodlands grac'd;  
Her beauty fir'd his pamper'd taste—  
Alas! I cannot say his heart,  
Where true affection had no part.  
He sought her father's rural halls,  
And by his wiles the hearts enthralls  
Of sire and child; and oft he sought  
Their home—or cattle to be bought  
Or sold — on varying pretence,  
He blinds good Hereward's sturdy sense;  
And Saxon prejudice gives way  
To the demeanour, frank and gay  
Of the young knight, who soon, I ween,  
High in the gen'rous Franklin's grace is seen.

## XIV.

Ill-fitted was the gentle hope  
Of her fond father's heart, to cope  
With the De Bruce's practis'd art,—  
And soon the tender Emma's heart  
Beats with a pang before unknown;  
She loves to ramble forth alone  
The shady forest-branches under,  
And sigh, and ruminare, and wonder,  
When the young, graceful knight will call  
Again, at Eskdale's rustic hall.

## XV.

'Tis not my purpose to unfold  
A tale too often darkly told,  
Or the development to paint  
Of fell Seduction's withering taint;—  
Such theme too mournful for my lay,  
Nor could I the sad task essay,  
To paint the rose of innocence  
And youth and beauty, basely blighted  
By passion's selfish, foul pretence;  
And eyes, which happiness once lighted,  
Now sadly drooping—to avoid  
A father's gaze—and swell'd with weeping,

The joys of youth and hope destroy'd—  
 And bitter misery now steeping  
 The heavy days and weary nights,  
 Once fill'd with home-felt, pure delights.  
 And ah! the worst of miseries,  
 To feel degraded in those eyes  
 Which Passion's victim makes her heaven,  
 And view ere long their alter'd glance;—  
 There is no pang to mortals given,  
 More dire, than waking from the trance  
 Of passionate love,—to feel 'tis gone,  
 Where we have treasur'd bliss alone!

## XVI.

Such was the ruin'd Emma's state—  
 Such wretchedness her hapless fate.  
 Amid the summer woods she stray'd  
 Like stricken deer, that seeks the glade  
 For the concealment of its shade,  
 And there to weep, and weeping die,—  
 Such seem'd poor Emma's destiny.  
 She fear'd to meet her father's gaze  
 Oft sadly fix'd upon her face,  
 In grief to mark the paling cheek,  
 Where softest colour wont to speak

Of the heart's healthy, gladsome tide ;  
And oft the tender father sigh'd  
To miss the bounding step, that o'er  
The verdant sward, or oaken floor,  
Was wont so joyously to spring—  
His homeward footsteps welcoming.  
Now slow and mournful was her tread,  
And bowed the lovely drooping head,  
That none upon her downcast face  
The sadness of her soul might trace.  
Though griev'd to mark his darling chang'd  
From all her youthful sports estrang'd,  
The truth ne'er flashed on Hereward's mind,  
In fond confiding safety blind.

## XVII.

Soon weary of his hapless prey,  
De Bruce now lingers long away ;  
Seldom his visits to the dale —  
Their moonlight rambles down the vale  
Where first he breathed his tender tale,  
Unfrequent now — estranged his mien —  
While soon the dreadful truth is seen  
By the poor maid, that love has fled,  
And left her hopes all cold and dead.

Still does she play fond woman's part  
And hoard the traitor in her heart,  
While sometimes does her bosom burn  
With hope his passion may return.  
So fond, so true, so kind he seem'd  
His vows will surely be redeem'd;  
While all her lonely weepings dried,  
She shall become his happy bride,  
And by her worshipp'd Bruce's side  
Spend joyfully her peaceful life,  
An honour'd and a cherish'd wife—  
Nor fear disgrace's blight to shed  
On her kind father's hoary head,  
But be his age's crown of joy,—  
Such dreams sometimes the fears decoy  
Of the poor maid, and ease the dart  
Of anguish rankling in her heart.

## XVIII.

'Twas Night—and o'er the lonely vale  
Moonlight's soft rays were sweetly sleeping,  
The owl was whooping down the dale,  
And from the stream the fish were leaping;  
The silver radiance gently play'd  
O'er the still surface of the river,

While, 'mid the wood's reposing shade,  
Scarce does the breeze a leaflet shiver;  
O'er Saxon Hereward's teeming fields  
The lovely light is softly stealing,  
The yellow store their harvest yields  
Its mellow brilliancy revealing;  
Where perch'd the feather'd subjects press,  
The wily fox around is prowling,  
And from the desert-wilderness  
The hideous wolf is loudly howling.  
Onward the peaceful river flows,—  
Scarce does a breath its bosom wrinkle,  
While through the evening's still repose,  
Is softly heard the silver tinkle  
Of the old chapel's little bell;  
And oft belated wanderer straying,  
Has sought the shelter of the cell  
Where the good Hermit still was praying,  
And found, till morn, repose and rest—  
A welcome and a cherish'd guest.  
While many sought the humble cell  
Confession's hidden tales to tell,  
And not the lowly serfs alone  
There breath'd their souls' repentant moan,  
But many noble of the earth,  
Of higher rank, and prouder birth,

Would from remotest parts repair  
To seek for absolution there,  
And crave the holy Hermit's prayer.  
The anguish of too late remorse  
Was sooth'd by his sublime discourse:  
How many in that lonely spot  
Were taught to fix their hopes on high,  
And bear the evils of their lot  
With Faith's divine serenity!  
Whilst oft the erring sinner found  
A balm for keen repentance there,  
Taught where blest Mercy's stores abound—  
The fruit of penitential prayer!

## XIX.

Wherefore at Night's untimely hour  
Does gentle Emma leave her bower—  
And quit the safety of her home,  
Down the still moonlight vale to roam?

When Beauty seeks this stealthy hour  
To quit unseen her shelter'd bower,  
Nor dares step forth beneath the ray  
Which pours the open face of day,  
But chooses midnight's canopy  
To veil her from her parent's eye;

Then may she fear that guilt or ill  
Will track her covert footsteps still,  
And grief or crime will dog the ways  
Which shun a tender father's gaze.

## XX:

Wrapt in her mantle's shroud, the maid  
Far down the winding valley stray'd,  
And tracks the sound, the chapel's bell  
Is softly swinging down the dell.  
At length before the lowly cell  
The maiden falters for a while,—  
In the still moonlight's gentle smile,  
How sweetly sleeps that hut of moss  
Surmounted by the blessed Cross!  
From the low chapel twinkling streams  
The sacred lamp's undying beams,  
And softly murmur'ing on the air,  
Comes the old Hermit's whisper'd prayer.

## XXI.

At length, with trembling hand, the maid  
A feeble, lowly tap essay'd—  
The Hermit mark'd the gentle sound,  
And Emma soon admission found.  
She comes in soul-felt keen distress  
Her sin and sorrow to confess ;



Prostrate upon the earthen floor  
Her beauteous tresses streaming o'er,  
With burning tears of grief and shame,  
And sobs that thick and choking came —  
Emma her tale of woe reveal'd,  
Nor aught of her disgrace conceal'd.

## XXII.

The pitying Hermit heard with pain,—  
For oft, within his holy fane,  
He mark'd the blooming Saxon fair,  
So constant in devotion there.  
Her gen'rous-hearted sire he lov'd —  
And now, with deep compassion mov'd,  
He sorrow'd o'er the withering blight  
Of hope and innocent delight,  
Which through De Bruce's guilt had come  
To blast the Saxon's happy home.

## XXIII.

No word to injure or upbraid  
Her faithless lover, breath'd the maid;  
She dwelt upon his sacred vow,  
Nor would the dreadful truth allow,  
He meant to break the plighted troth  
So often pledged with solemn oath.

—Mature of thought, the Holy Man  
Was better skill'd the arts to scan,  
By which the gentle, injur'd maid  
Had been so cruelly betray'd.

## XXIV.

With sorrow's bitterest anguish stirr'd,  
Poor Emma murmur'd, she had heard  
That soon De Bruce the hand would claim  
Of a young, wealthy Norman dame,—  
Long his betrothed, affianced bride.  
Deeply the hapless maiden sigh'd  
And said, resolv'd the truth to know,  
If perjur'd faith and broken vow  
Indeed were Bruce's sad intent—  
A trusty messenger she sent,  
To bid him to the trysting-place  
He oft with eager step would trace,  
When first poor Emma sought the shade  
To meet him in the forest-glade.  
Should the De Bruce accord her prayer  
He now would wait her coming there,  
For past already was the hour,  
She bade him to the forest-bower.  
With prostrate form she bent to crave  
The Hermit's blessing, which he gave;

But kindly strove the hapless maid  
From this sad meeting to dissuade.  
He gently dar'd the truth to tell—  
And own'd the fact was known too well,  
That soon to Clara's house allied,  
De Bruce would claim another bride.  
With injur'd love's deep sorrow griev'd,  
Emma confirming word receiv'd  
Of all her fears—but not the less  
Was she, with woman's tenderness—  
Resolv'd to bless her eyes once more,  
With him so fondly lov'd before;  
And vainly hop'd her tearful prayer  
Would change De Bruce's purpose there,  
Where he so oft had breath'd the vow,  
Alas! a wretched mockery now.  
The Hermit's mild attempts were vain  
The injur'd Emma to restrain  
From meeting her false love again—  
He therefore asked her walk to share,  
To guard her with a father's care,  
And o'er De Bruce exert his sway  
Poor Emma's sorrows to allay,  
And all her injuries to redress  
By a kind husband's tenderness.

Whilst bitterly she wept and sigh'd,  
The maiden still the grace denied,  
Of the good Monk. De Bruce's mood  
She fear'd, if on their solitude  
A third should come—for well she knew,  
He wish'd their meetings secret too.  
She thank'd the Hermit fervently  
For all his love—and should she die,  
(If Bruce indeed was false,) of grief,  
She pray'd him give each kind relief,  
To her poor father's sorrow great,  
And soothe his wretched ruin'd state.  
Humbly and low the maiden bended—  
And while hot tears of anguish fell  
Upon the hand the monk extended,  
She kiss'd it oft, and left the cell.

## XXV.

The Hermit's soul oppress'd by gloom  
Of this sad tale, could not resume,  
His solemn prayers, but sadly mus'd  
O'er trusting love and faith abus'd,  
O'er Hereward's blighted home of joy,  
O'er guilt which could such bliss destroy;

His thought of Bruce—whose burthen'd soul  
At Retribution's awful day,  
When trumpets speak, and thunders roll,  
Would have such fearful debt to pay;  
And the dread penalty would feel,  
Which sin must then in torments prove,  
When heavenly vengeance will reveal  
The aching wrongs of injur'd love.  
At length to ease the load that weigh'd  
His spirit down, he sought the glade—  
And wander'd onward through the shade,  
To watch the safety of the maid.  
A tangled path the Hermit took,  
Beside the waters of the brook.  
He felt the still and holy calm,  
Which breath'd the lovely silent night,  
O'er his vex'd spirit shed its balm,  
And raise devotion's pure delight:  
He wander'd on, and caught at last,  
A glimpse of Emma and her lover,  
Where by the river's side they pass'd—  
He saw, alas! her hopes were over  
By the wild gestures of the maid—  
Who bitterly her clasp'd hands wrung,  
And sometimes kneeling in the glade,  
Round Bruce her arms distracted flung,—

Who walk'd apart and proudly there,  
And shook his head with haughty air,  
Impatient of the maid's despair.


## XXVI.

Quicker the Hermit pass'd along,  
The moonlight forest-walks among;  
The river here, with graceful sweep,  
Roll'd on its current calm and deep;  
Hid by its curve, the Hermit's eye,  
No more could Emma's form descry,  
For gentle slope and leafy skreen,  
Now spread umbrageous shade between.  
When sudden on his startled ear,  
Is borne the sound of struggling near—  
Terror's wild shriek—into the stream  
A heavy plunge—one bubbling scream—  
And then the river murmurs o'er,  
Lovely and silent as before.

Horror the aged Hermit bound,  
And held fast rooted to the ground;  
With mighty effort then, at last,  
The river's bend he slowly pass'd,—  
Where, leaning on a rocky stone,  
Stood the De Bruce—and stood alone!

## XXVII.

Quailed that dark-beaming eye of pride,  
To mark the Hermit by his side;  
Passion's wild storm is on the brow,  
Dash'd with detection's paleness now.  
Hellish convulsions madly chase  
Horrific o'er that working face,  
In its fierce beauty scowling there  
How like the Dæmon of the Air—  
The fall'n Archangel!—when from Heaven  
Its dark, rebellious son was driven!  
With trembling lips and ashen cheek,  
The Hermit vainly tried to speak,  
The awful, death-like calm to break.  
At length his fault'ring tongue essay'd,—  
'Though faint its sound,—“Where is the maid?”  
“What maid? I know not of a maid!”  
With hollow voice the murderer said.  
“What maid?—the hapless, ruin'd one!  
By thine accursed arts undone—  
The innocent, who now, I fear,  
Through thee, has found a wat'ry bier!  
Nay, turn not scornfully aside,  
But lower that haughty glance of pride.  
“The Saxon Hereward's lovely child,  
By thy demoniac arts beguil'd,



Her woful story came to tell  
Of deep repentance in my cell,—  
From which, an hour is scarcely gone,  
She came to meet with thee alone.  
I follow'd soon, resolv'd to aid  
With my best power, the much-wrong'd maid;  
And hoped to make thy hand atone  
For all the injuries thou hast done,—  
On dread of holy church's ban  
An excommunicated man!

“ Long by the river's brink I spied  
The maiden pleading by thy side,  
Till as the stream there bending strays,  
Its curve conceal'd her from my gaze.  
Then, as if in a horrid dream,  
I heard the struggle and the scream;  
I heard the heavy, falling splash,  
The closing river's murmuring dash.  
Oh, wicked man! and could'st thou kill  
The gentle heart that loved thee still?  
For here, before God's awful throne,  
I charge the deed on thee alone!”

## XXVIII.

“Thou didst not *see* me do the deed?  
Thou couldst not,—and I do not plead



My innocence—in deepest scorn  
I the foul, guilty charge return!  
Thou saw'st the maiden by my side—  
Enough—when I her suit denied  
To make her fair, frail self my bride,  
And all my cherish'd claims discard  
On our kind monarch's lovely ward,—  
The frantic and distracted maid,  
While by the river's side we stray'd,  
Rush'd madly where its waters flow,  
And desp'rately essay'd to throw  
Herself into the brimming flood.  
Emma's rash purpose I withstood,  
And strove to draw her from the stream,  
—Wherefore the struggle and the scream.  
In vain my best attempts I tried—  
She plung'd into the sweeping tide—  
And here I stood—alarm'd—dismay'd—  
By the dread action of the maid,  
When on my privacy you stole  
And saw the tumults of my soul,—  
The cause might amply justify,  
To see so fair a creature die,  
By her own act's insanity.

“This is the sad and simple case:  
And, holy Father, should you grace

With credence, Bruce's knightly word,  
'Tis well ;—if not, my own good sword  
Shall, to the death, resent the shame,  
By any cast upon my name,  
And bright renown's unblemish'd fame!"

## XXIX.

"Thy bright renown! Peace, sinner, peace!  
Thy profitless deceptions cease;—  
As well thy guilty soul I read,  
As though I saw thee do the deed.  
Not her's the act, poor, gentle maid,  
(If frail she was, by thee betray'd;  
To thee, how constant, tender, true!)  
So fell—so dire a deed to do.  
Her humble soul, and gentle heart,  
In such rash violence had no part;  
Rather would she have slowly pin'd  
Away, to hopeless grief resign'd,  
Than back upon the Giver throw  
The gift He can alone bestow;  
Or peril her immortal soul,  
By deed so impious and foul.  
And thine the peril, thine the cost,  
Should that unhappy soul be lost!

It soothes to think, that in my cell,  
Before this horrid scene befel,  
Whilst with confessing anguish griev'd,  
She absolution's rites receiv'd.

“Now will I to my cell repair,  
And give myself to solemn prayer,  
Fasting, and lonely vigil there,  
Two days and nights—her soul to ease  
From purgatory's agonies.  
Which sacred, needful duty done,  
I hie to Hilda's blessed son,  
Abbot of Streoneshalh's hallow'd fane,  
Thy guilt and murder to arraign.  
And, in the intervening time,  
For thy most horrid, treach'rous crime,  
I lay the church's solemn ban  
Upon thy head, most perjur'd man!  
And on thy soul its blood-guilt lay,  
Anathema, Maranatha!”

Thus said,—the Hermit turn'd aside  
And homeward down the valley hied,—  
Sore griev'd, and bitterly dismay'd,  
By the dread murder of the maid,  
And shock'd to view the maze of sin,  
De Bruce had wound his soul within.

In fervent prayer the Hermit sought  
To find relief from painful thought;  
And earnest supplication made,  
To ease the spirit of the maid.

## XXX.

How fair is Morn! when first her rays  
O'er Nature's varied charms are breaking,  
Freshen'd by sleep—as is the face  
Of Beauty, from repose awaking.  
How graceful curls the misty wreath,  
From the blue bosom of the river!  
While, in cool morning's gentle breath,  
How softly does the foliage quiver!  
Amid the east the clouds are blushing,  
To hail the monarch of the day,  
Who soon from hidden chambers rushing,  
Pours o'er the earth his glorious ray;  
He gilds the forest summits tender,  
With the bright lustre of his beam;  
And showers a flood of dazzling splendour,  
On Esk's fair valley and its stream.  
With joy the choral songsters greet him,  
And swell the liquid tide of song;  
While higher soars the lark to meet him,  
The fleecy clouds of morn among.

The graceful stag, from covert bounding,  
Snauffs the fresh morning's breezy gale,  
Nor fears the hunters' bugles sounding—  
But lightly curvets down the dale.  
The wolf and fox are slowly creeping,  
To find their rest when others wake,—  
And sound the brindled Boar is sleeping,  
Within the forest's thickest brake.  
O'er marky towns, bright rays are stealing,  
Soft sunbeams o'er the alleys play  
Their squalid wretchedness revealing;—  
And Sin and Mis'ry slink away,  
Rebuked by that pure lucid light,  
From those vile haunts, too throngly crowded,  
Where many pass their guilty night,  
By darkness' dusky cov'ring shrouded;  
Though not unseen by that bright Eye,  
From which no lurking-place can hide us—  
And from Sin's darkling misery,  
Whose blessed beams alone can guide us.  
Within the sick man's chamber streaming,  
Is softly seen morn's lovely ray;  
Where dusky lamps are dimly gleaming,  
Abash'd by the fair light of day.

## XXXI.

A lovelier September morn,  
Ne'er shone upon the waving corn—  
Than that which pour'd its golden light,  
After the melancholy night,  
Of sin and woe described before;—  
Fair stream'd the sun's glad splendour o'er  
The verdant earth, as woe and sin,  
Were not her beauteous scenes within.

Early that morn the bugles blew,  
The hounds might snuff the scented dew,  
Ere by the sun's bright beams exhaled  
The fragrant vapour would have failed:  
Early the sportsmen left the hall—  
Early the steed forsook his stall—  
From kennel lous'd, in leash to stray,  
Pleas'd the glad hounds whimper and bay;  
Clad in the forests' vestments green  
Huntsmen and servitors are seen,—  
All meetly arm'd with stave and spear,  
And full of glee and mirthful cheer.

On noble hunters, side by side,  
De Bruce and Piercie proudly ride—  
And none upon De Bruce's face,  
The tempest of his soul might trace—

And brightly shone his eagle eye,  
As though it ne'er saw Emma die.  
Many good knights were riding there,  
Of haughty mien and stately air,  
But none, who sought that morning's chase,  
Could match the form of manly grace,  
Which Bruce's palfrey proudly bore,  
The heathy moorland desert o'er.

## XXXII.

At length they reach'd the wilderness,  
Within whose tangled dark recess,  
They meant the grisly Boar to rouse—  
For the day's pastime and carouse.  
Huge oaks, within that gloomy shade,  
Stretch'd their gnarled boughs athwart the glade;  
And aged thorns long shadows threw,  
O'er the soft green-sward's untracked dew.  
The mountain-ash, with berries red,  
Her graceful, feathery foliage spread,  
And hazles bend the fruitful bough,  
Weigh'd down with russet clusters now,—  
Hollies of giant size were found,  
While wreathing brambles choke the ground.  
Tangled the forest's children stand,  
Unknowing of man's pruning hand;

Coil'd up within th' impervious brake,  
Lurks in its nest, the swelt'ring snake;  
And reptiles nestle in the shade,  
Where man ne'er wielded plough or spade.

## XXXIII.

Far in the thicket's mazes there,  
A monstrous Boar had made his lair—  
Stretch'd out for rest each hideous limb,  
Fast lock'd in sleep, loathly and grim.  
The hounds upon his traces came,  
And eager sought the slumb'ring game,—  
Who rous'd from deep repose at length,  
Slowly uprear'd his bulky strength,—  
Shook the night's dew drops from his hide,  
And grinning-horrid, open'd wide  
His frightful jaws, where white, and strong,  
And sharp, large tusks were ranged along;  
Then fiercely bristling—as he came  
Quitted the brake—his path the same—  
Now flecter ran direct—nor twined—  
And left the yelping pack behind.

## XXXIV.

Within his chapel's hallow'd pile,  
The holy Hermit watch'd the while,—



His aged knees the rough stones wear,  
While his clasp'd hands are rais'd in pray'r.  
Before the crucifix he kneels—  
And o'er his face the lustre steals  
Of the blest lamp, whose mellow ray,  
Does o'er his aged forehead play,  
With its soft waves of silver hair,  
Low bow'd in meek devotion there!  
In his blue eye, how mildly beams  
The fire, which from his bosom streams,  
Of holiness, and heavenly love,  
While wafts his pious prayer above!  
No seraph in the courts of heaven,  
Can have a fairer aspect given  
Of love, and rapt ecstatic prayer,  
Than that old Hermit kneeling there.

## XXXV.

—Suddenly rings the holy place  
With all the hurry of the chase,—  
With noisy rout, the eager throng  
Gallop the echoing vale along,—  
While bugles ring, and stag-hounds yell,  
Far down the lab'rins of the dell.  
When, through the chapel's open door,  
Stagger'd the foaming, harrass'd Boar,—

He stumbled onward through the cell,  
Till at the Hermit's feet he fell,—  
Awhile convuls'd, he dying lay,  
But soon life's struggles pass'd away,—  
And with stiff limbs, the vanquish'd Boar  
Stretch'd his gaunt bulk, to rise no more.

## XXXVI.

Shock'd and dismay'd, the Monk arose,  
The chapel's open door to close,  
Lest hound and huntsman should intrude,  
Upon his prayers, with clamour rude.  
Better his privacy to guard,  
He carefully the portal barr'd,—  
Then turning to his beads and book,  
To silent prayer himself betook,  
Nor listened to the clam'rous rout,  
Who swore, and yell'd, and scream'd without.

## XXXVII.

The eager dogs—baulk'd of their prey,  
Before the holy chapel, bay  
At fault—and scratch the sturdy door  
With knobs of iron studded o'er;—  
The sportsmen, madden'd at the foil  
Of eager hapt and keenest toil—

Forgot their rev'rence for the place,  
In the wild fury of the chase.  
Meanwhile, for his own wicked views,  
To raise their passions tried De Bruce.  
"Beat down the door," he loudly cried,  
"We will not, comrades, be denied  
Of our won game, nor be debarr'd  
By Hermit's bolt and shackled ward.  
Beat down the door, again I say,  
Nor longer keep our dogs at bay—  
And should the Hermit still resist,  
Wreak hunter's vengeance as ye list!"

## XXXVIII.

"For shame, De Bruce," De Piercie cried,  
His cheeks with blood indignant dyed,—  
"For shame, again I say, De Bruce,  
Thus angry feelings to arouse  
Against the venerable man,—  
Into his cell the creature ran  
By us pursued—and much I fear,  
Has done the Hermit damage here.  
Let us with gentle words induce  
The Monk his portal to unloose;  
—Nor harshly fright his rev'rend age—  
Nor force his holy Hermitage—  
Nor risk our souls by sacrilege!"

—Haughty assent De Bruce then bow'd—  
Murmur'd applause, the nodding crowd—  
While to the Monk, with language bland,  
De Piercie tells his friends' demand,—  
With their sharp spears the Boar to slay,  
And end the pastime of the day.

## XXXIX.

Slowly the Hermit drew away  
The bolts,—and there the monster lay,  
In death all horrid, stiff and stark.  
De Bruce observ'd the rising spark,  
Of anger, in the hunters' eye,  
Kindling in fury rapidly,  
To be thus hinder'd of the sport  
When bugles sound, "A mort—a mort!"  
And hideous grins the monster there,  
To rush upon the meeting spear,  
While at his throat and haunches spring  
The eager dogs, and on him cling.  
"'Tis shame, my friends," cried Bruce, "'tis shame,  
To be thus baffled of our game—  
The eager hurry of our race,  
The toilsome labour of the chase,

All thrown away—what sort of cheer,  
The flesh which died exhausted here,  
Nor bled upon the sharp boar-spear?  
I cry revenge!—revenge I cry,  
For blighted sport's festivity!  
If we to this outrage submit,  
Each shaven Monk will deem him fit  
To thwart our sport, and spoil our game!"  
—The crowd De Bruce's words inflame,  
Around the Monk they fiercely throng,  
With vague intent to do him wrong,  
They know not wherefore, know not why,  
In passion's hot insanity.  
To speak the Hermit vainly tried—  
Vainly De Piercie stemmed the tide  
Of frenzy, fast and furious rolling—  
At length De Bruce, with uplift spear,  
And eyes with vengeance fiercely scowling,  
Rush'd on the holy Hermit there,  
And sheath'd the weapon in his side!  
The hallow'd chapel's scatter'd rushes,  
Are colour'd by the crimson tide,  
Which from his wounded bosom gushes.  
In grief and horror Piercie bends  
Where the Monk's dying form extends,

And strives to staunch the death-wound wide,  
Which yawns upon the Hermit's side.  
Cooled and astounded at the deed,  
To see the holy Hermit bleed—  
Aghast the crowd repentant stand,  
And shrink from Bruce's bloody hand.  
De Bruce the change of feeling spied,  
And instant from the chapel hied,  
To where his hunting-steed was tied  
Beneath the forest's leafy shade,  
And grazing in the verdant glade.

## XL.

With sick'ning heat—the noon-day beam,  
Shone o'er the valley and the stream;  
Piled in the west, dark storm-clouds frown'd—  
While solemn stillness reign'd around.  
The birds, desisting from their song,  
Sate hush'd the forest boughs among;  
And cattle leave the open glade,  
To cower beneath the forest-shade.  
—'Twas as if Heaven had made a pause,  
To mark its violated laws—  
A solemn pause, ere vengeance shed  
Its thunders on the murd'rer's head.

—Sudden the gust sweeps down the vale,  
While creak the boughs beneath the gale,—  
And on De Bruce's anxious brow,  
Broad liquid drops are falling now.

—At length the lightning's dazzling flash  
Leaps from the cloud—and then the crash  
Of thunder's awful voice succeeds—  
While bend the woods, and quake the meads!  
His noble steed De Bruce essay'd  
To urge through the involving shade,  
Where weeds the courser's hoofs detained,  
And tangled boughs his flight restrained.  
Fast forward to the stretching plain  
He urged his steed, with spur and rein,  
And soon the heathy wastes of moor  
The startled horse is bounding o'er;  
While peals of thunder shake the ground—  
And lightnings fiercely blaze around—  
And darkling glares the lurid sky,  
To mark the tempest's revelry!  
Torrents of pouring hail and rain,  
Are dashing on the palfrey's mane—  
While through the deluge from the sky,  
Hardly can Bruce his way espy.

—Darker and darker lowers the heaven,—  
Then the o'erhanging cloud is riven !  
—Staggers De Bruce in that dread blaze—  
High rears his courser in amaze !  
Then—on the head of guilt accurst—  
The flaming thunder-bolt has burst !  
And horse and rider prostrate roll—  
While speeds to doom the sinful soul!!!

—Low lies on earth the stricken steed,  
To urge no more his gallant speed !  
—Low lies De Bruce's tow'ring plume,  
Amid the moorland's stormy gloom !—  
The stately form, the noble brow,  
All blacken'd, and distorted now,  
By Heaven's avenging, awful fire—  
Meet recompence for crime so dire!!

When on his track pursuers sped  
And saw the cruel murd'rer dead,—  
They owned the awful Hand of Heaven,  
In the dread doom, so promptly given!

#### XLI.

Meanwhile the Hermit dying lay,  
Slow ebbs his fleeting life away—



By his low couch De Piercie kneels,  
And grief and horror keenly feels,—  
While hang their heads the guilty crowd,  
In deep repentant anguish bowed.  
Terror alarms each startled soul,  
When o'er the cell Heaven's thunders roll—  
And the dread tempest yells around,  
While shakes the trembling, echoing ground!

Soon as the storm's first bursts subside,  
A messenger De Piercie bied  
To Streoneshalh's hallow'd pile with speed,  
To warn the Abbot of the deed—  
And crave his presence at the cell,  
Where murder's hideous crime befell.  
Fleet horsemen too he promptly sped  
To follow where De Bruce had fled,—  
To scour the country wide and far,  
And bring him to the Abbot's bar.  
This present urgent duty done,  
De Piercie hovers like a son,  
Where the good Monk exhausted lies—  
And friendship's soft attention tries.

## XLII.

The awful storm had pass'd away  
Long ere the soft decline of day,—

And ev'ning's rays now calmly fell,  
Upon the verdant, silent dell.  
Twinkling with dew drops, bright and shewn,  
How freshly shone the foliage green!  
While on each beauteous shrub and tree,  
A thousand birds made harmony.  
Soft scents were stealing on the air,  
From plant and flow'ret breathing there,—  
And shining softly down the dale,  
A glorious rain-bow spann'd the vale.

## XLIII.

A dark procession, side by side,  
Now slowly up the valley ride—  
In cloaked and hooded garb array'd,  
Mounted on mules, they thread the glade,  
Till at the cell, a pause they made.

'Tis Sedman, of St. Hilda's fane  
The holy Abbot, and his train.  
With horror struck, and bitter woe,  
The holy Monks their brother saw,  
Pale and exhausted lying there,  
Wounded to death by the boar-spear.  
A leech, among the sable crew,  
Aside the staunching 'kerchief drew,

With which De Piercie stemm'd the wound—  
And shook his head to all around.

## XLIV.

The sorrowing Abbot hastes to pour  
The sacred oil of unction o'er  
The dying Hermit's pallid brow,  
With many a holy prayer and vow.  
—When was perform'd the solemn rite,  
A beam of heav'nly lustre bright,  
Broke o'er the features sunk and faint  
Of the expiring, murder'd Saint!  
He motion'd Hereward where he lay;—  
—Poor Hereward! who since earliest day,  
Had through the woods and valley rovd  
To seek his child, so fondly lov'd—  
So strangely lost!—when the storm fell  
He sought the Hermit's shelt'ring cell;  
And since remain'd, o'erwhelmed with grief,  
Off'ring with Piercie kind relief  
To the poor wounded Hermit there.—  
Hereward does to the couch repair;—  
When, at the portal of the cell,  
Arrive, their startling tale to tell,  
The men who after Bruce had sped,  
And found him, thunder-struck and dead.

The Abbot, and the startled crowd,  
Signed the blest cross, and wondering bowed  
To the avenging stroke of Heaven,—  
In Bruce's doom, so justly given.

## XLV.

Faintly and low the Hermit spoke,  
And first the solemn silence broke:—  
“Short space have I my tale to tell—  
Abbot and brethren, all—farewell!  
My blessing on your Abbey rest;  
May each and all be truly blest!  
My fervent soul, with warm desires,  
For Jesus' blessed courts aspires;  
I long for joy and rest in Heaven—  
And, as I hope to be forgiven,  
I now forgive each erring son,  
For my rash wrongs in passion done.  
Vengeance *has* lighted on the head,  
Which most deserved its thunders dread.  
—Not for my cruel death alone,  
That guilty spirit must atone  
In flaming fire—for yesternight,  
Hereward, thy child, thy home's delight,  
Found by his murd'ring hand a grave,  
Where Esk's blue waters o'er her lave!

—I mark'd him do the accursed deed,  
And hence his wish to see me bleed.  
Weep not, afflicted sire, nor mourn—  
—To thee, she can no more return—  
Bow to the stroke, so darkly given,  
And seek the gentle maid—in Heaven!  
And ye, who shar'd the angry strife,  
When Bruce assail'd my aged life,—  
I bind this penance on each soul,  
As each desires a heavenly goal.  
Henceforth, by my express command,  
Ye hold of Streoneshall's fane your land.  
When blossoms bud, and warblers sing,  
Amid the leafy bowers of Spring;  
—I charge ye, on Ascension-even,  
Of stakes, within this forest riven,  
By earliest light of rising sun,  
In penance for transgression done—  
To make, on Whitby's yellow sand,  
A verdant hedge, which still must stand  
Three tides—and at the matin hour  
Of nine—nor will ye find the power  
Of Ocean mock this penance meet;—  
For still, will at that hour retreat

The sinking waves, and leave the strand  
Free for your forfeit-fence to stand.  
And still, on that appointed morn,  
A recreant note must blow the horn,—  
And still, on that appointed day,  
Your heirs this tribute-service pay,—  
That thus may live, from age to age,  
The slaughter of the Hermitage."

## XLVI.

Feebler and faint his accents grew.  
"I bid," he cried, "a last adieu  
To this fair vale, and lovely stream,—  
—I go where brighter glories beam!  
Farewell, a long and last farewell,  
To my lov'd home and lowly cell—  
Scene of Devotion's raptur'd joy—  
Sole bliss, the world can not destroy!  
I bless you all—adien, adieu!"  
One soft—long sigh, the Hermit drew—  
And then his spirit fled above,  
To peace, and happiness, and love!



# NOTE

## TO THE

### HERMIT OF ESKDALESIDE.

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ERRATUM.—Page 21, stanza 20.

For—"From the low chapel twinkling streams  
The sacred lamp's undying beams."

Read—"From the low cell, in twinkling streams,  
Flow the blest lamp's undying beams."

Gentleman and Freeholder [of Fylingdales], called ALLATSON, did, in the Month of *October*, the 16th day of the same Month, appoint to meet and hunt the wild Boar, in a certain Wood or Desart, called *Eskdale-Side*. The Wood or Place did belong to the Abbot of the Monastery of *Whithy*, who was called SEDMAN. Then the aforesaid Gentlemen did meet with their Boar-Staves and Hounds in the Place aforenamed, and there found a great wild Boar, and the Hounds did run him very well, near about the Chapel and Hermitage of *Eskdale-Side*, where there was a Monk of *Whithy*, who was an Hermit. The Boar being sore [wounded, and hotly] pursued, and dead-run, took in at the Chapel-Door, and there laid him down and presently died. The Hermit shut the Hounds forth of the Chapel, and kept himself within at his Meditation and Prayers, the Hounds standing at Bay without. The Gentlemen in the Thick of the Wood, put behind their Game, following the Cry of their Hounds, came to the Hermitage, and found the Hounds round about the Chapel. Then came the Gentlemen to the Door of



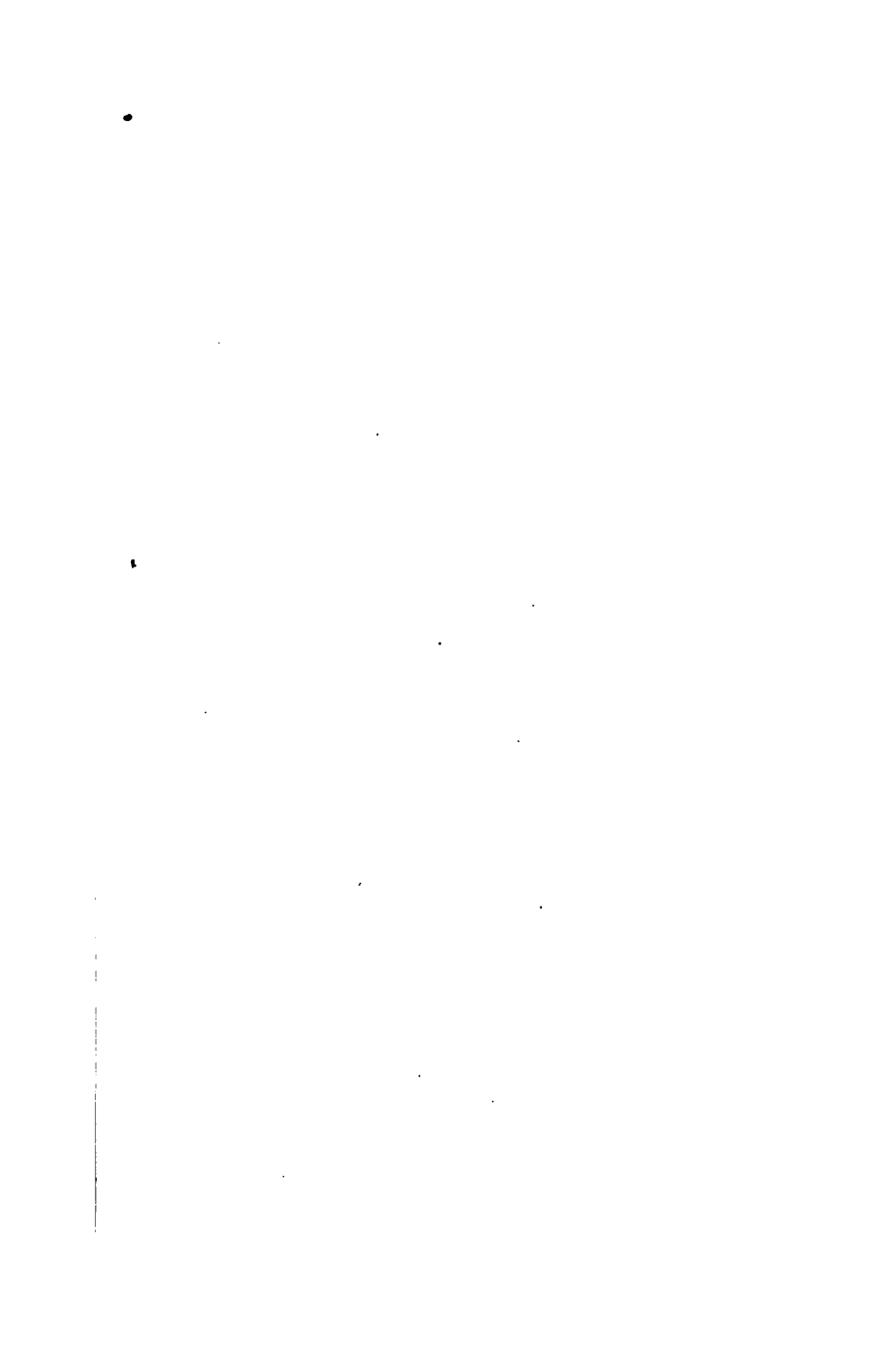
the Chapel, and called the Hermit, who did open the Door, and come forth, and within lay the Boar dead; for the which, the Gentlemen in a Fury, because their Hounds were put from their Game, did [most violently and cruelly] run at the Hermit with their Boar-Staves, whereof he died. Then the Gentlemen, knowing and perceiving that he was in Peril of Death, took Sanctuary at *Scarborough*; but at that Time the Abbot, in great Favour with the King, did remove them out of the Sanctuary, whereby they came in danger of the Law, and could not be privileged, but like to have the Severity of the Law, which was Death for Death. But the Hermit being a holy Man, and being very sick, and at the Point of Death, sent for the Abbot, and desired him to send for the Gentlemen, who had wounded him to Death. The Abbot so doing, the Gentlemen came, and the Hermit being sore sick, said, *I am sure to die of these Wounds.* The Abbot answered, *They shall die for thee.* But the Hermit said, *Not so, for I freely forgive them my Death, if they be content to be enjoined to this Penance, for the Safeguard of their Souls.* The Gentlemen being there present, [and terrified with the fear of Death,] bid him enjoyn what he would, so he saved their Lives. Then said the Hermit, 'You and yours shall hold your Lands of the Abbot of *Whitby*, and his successors, in this manner; That upon *Ascension-Eve*, you, or some for you, shall come to the Wood of the *Stray-Head*, which is in *Esdale-side*, the same Day at Sun-rising, and there shall the Officer of the Abbot blow his horn, to the intent that you may know how to find him, and he shall deliver unto you *WILLIAM DE BRUCE*, *ten Stakes*, *ten Strout-Stowers*, and *ten Yedders*, to be cut by you, or those that come for you, with a Knife of a Penny Price; and you *RALPH DE PERCIE*, shall take *one and twenty of each Sort*, to be cut in the same manner; and you *ALLATSON* shall take *nine of each Sort*, to be cut as aforesaid; and to be taken on your Backs and carried to the town of *Whitby*, and so to be there before nine of the Clock of the same Day aforementioned. And at the Hour of nine of the Clock, (if it be full Sea, to cease that Service) as long as it is low water, at nine of the Clock, the same Hour each of you shall set your *Stakes* at the Brim of the

Water, each *Stake* a yard from another, and so *Yedder* them, as with your *Yedders*, and so stake on each Side with your *Strout-Stowers*, that they stand *three Tides* without removing by the Force of the Water. Each of you shall make them in several Places at the Hour aforementioned, (except it be full Sea at that Hour, which when it shall happen to pass, that Service shall cease) and you shall do this Service in Remembrance that you did [most cruelly] slay me. And that you may the better call to God for Repentance, and find Mercy, and do good Works, the Officer of *Eskdale-Side* shall blow his Horn, *Out on you, Out on you, Out on you*, for the heinous Crime of you. And if you, and your Successors do refuse this Service, so long as it shall not be full Sea, at that Hour aforesaid, you, and yours, shall forfeit all your Lands to the Abbot [of Whitby], or his Successors. Thus I do intreat the Abbot, that you may have your Lives and Goods for this Service, and you to promise by your Parts in Heaven, that it shall be done by you and your Successors, as it is aforesaid.\* And the Abbot said, *I grant all that you have said, and will confirm it by the Faith of an honest Man.* Then the Hermit said, *My Soul longeth for the Lord, and I do as freely forgive these Gentlemen my Death, as Christ forgave the Thief upon the Cross:* And in the Presence of the Abbot and the rest, he said, *In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum: [a vinculis enim mortis] redemisti me, Domine veritatist.*\* AMEN.

And so he yielded up the Ghost, the 18th day of *December*, upon whose Soul God have Mercy. Amen. *Anno Domini 1160.* [1159.]†—*Rev. George Young's History of Whitby, Vol. I. page 310.*

\* *Psa. xxxi. 5.*

† From an ancient copy printed on vellum, with a few corrections and supplements taken from other copies.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

---

O mes amis!—rappelez-vous quelquefois mes vers,—mon  
ame y est empreinte.

MADAME DE STAEL.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

---

### TO HAPPINESS.

---

It is the gay to-morrow of the mind  
That never comes.

MIRANDOLA.

---

THIRST of the soul!—Hope of my heart!—  
Is there no home for thee on earth?  
Must all life's lovely dreams depart,  
Nor give thy bright creation birth?  
Art thou an Iris, changeful—fair—  
Which still eludes our eager grasp,  
And leaves pale Disappointment there,  
When thy blest form we hoped to clasp?

Ah! say, where is thy dwelling place!

Our earth is fair—our skies are clear—  
And all the efforts of our race

Are but to make thee welcome here :  
To thee we raise the lofty fane—

For thee we deck its marble walls—  
And the rich mine of Genius drain,  
To glitter in its gorgeous halls!

For thee the costly feast we spread ;

For thee we pour the sparkling wine  
In bright libations—freely shed

To woo thee from thy haunts divine.

For thee we strike our sounding lyres,  
And chase thee thro' the mazy dance;  
Whilst Pleasure's glow our bosoms fires,  
And all her thousand wiles entrance.

For thee we pluck the flowers of Spring,

And twine them 'mid our flowing hair ;  
While rose-bud wreaths we gaily fling,

To shed their balmy fragrance there :

For thee Thalia holds her court,

And Syren voices pour their strains ;  
—Still dost thou shun each gay resort,  
Our festive pomp thy smile disdains.

For 'neath the gilded roofs of Pride,  
Oft lurks the canker-worm unseen ;  
And fell Remorse is apt to glide,  
Where Pleasure's flying feet have been.  
While thorns have mingled with the wreaths  
We gaily wove, of clust'ring roses ;  
And fragrance now no longer breathes,  
Where pale Decay her tints discloses.

—Wilt thou not own the hallow'd spot,  
Where fond Affection's tendrils twine ;  
And o'er the Mortal's chequer'd lot,  
Love sheds a steady ray divine?—  
Thou wilt not shun the blissful home  
Of Peace, and Innocence, and Truth !  
Whence sweet Content can never roam,  
And Age looks smilingly on Youth !

Where bowers of sweet repose are spread  
'Mid scenes of rural peace and joy ;  
While fairy footsteps lightly tread,  
O'er flowers whose fragrance cannot cloy :  
Where joyous voices ring around,  
And merry eyes are glancing bright ;—  
Where Beauty, Gladness, Youth abound,  
And all is present to delight.



But ah! across the lovely scene  
A gloomy shade may darkly glide;  
And where Disease or Death have been,  
Happiness never can reside:  
Bright Tenant of the realms above,  
Our Homes of Earth are not for thee!  
—Ah! what avails our fondest love,  
Whose blight is Mutability!

Our Homes of Earth are not for thee—  
But we will leave the haunts of men,  
For Nature's sweet society—  
Far from the world and human ken:  
Shake off the stain our spirits caught,  
'Mid earthly pomp, and toil, and pain,—  
To revel in the realms of Thought—  
Where Solitude and Silence reign.

Where the bright river's glassy stream,  
Mirrors the blue depths of the skies;  
And far its distant waters gleam,  
Where gently swelling hills arise:  
Where, o'er the meadows, stately trees  
At noon-day, cast a flickering shade—  
And 'mid their leaves, the dancing breeze  
Has softly murm'ring music made.

—But o'er the fairest woodland scene,  
Stern Winter still usurps his sway,—  
And howling tempests, bleak and keen,  
Mar the gay landscape with decay;  
The sparkling tide reflects no more,  
The azure canopy serene;—  
Its turbid waters rudely roar,  
While Horror blackens all the scene.

And is there, then, no home below,  
Where Happiness may weave her bowers;  
Nor dread the change of time and woe,  
To dim her amaranthine flowers?  
Alas! the charms of Nature fade,  
With joys which owe to her their birth;  
And Mis'ry will too oft invade  
Where Love had blest our Homes on Earth.

Our Homes *may* boast the hallow'd guests,  
Rejoicing Hope—expectant Bliss—  
If, o'er the tumult of our breasts,  
Religion breathes her “perfect peace:”  
There, Gratitude her treasures pours,  
And Resignation sheds her ray,—  
While Faith, with uplift eye, adores—  
Gazes on Heav'n, and points the way!

—For *there*, beyond our 'circling skies,  
Transcendent Happiness is found ;  
'Mid glorious bowers of Paradise,  
Diffusing heav'nly joys around :  
And all who seek the blessed light  
Religion's lovely beams afford,  
May taste her fountains of delight—  
In the blest mansions of our Lord !

## THE MERMAIDEN'S SONG.

---

Across the still and moonlight sea,  
A Fisher's vessel glides,—  
While sounds of dullest minstrelsy,  
Float o'er the slumb'ring tides.

"Come to my halls!—young Rover!  
For thou art bold and brave—  
And meet to be the lover  
Of a daughter of the wave!

"Come to my halls!—where sadly,  
I sit and sigh for thee,—  
I will welcome thee—how gladly!  
To my realms below the sea!

"Thou shalt taste of choicest pleasures,  
To mortals yet unknown;—  
And view the countless treasures  
That surround my sparry throne.

"Within the bed of Ocean  
My kingdoms widely spread,—  
Thou shalt hear its restless motion,  
Softly sounding o'er thy head.

"And list the witching melody,  
That breathes the Indian shell,—  
While through its breast of harmony,  
Soft winds and waters swell.

"Come to my halls!—where glittering,  
Bright spars and crystals shine,—  
And white and ruddy branches fling,  
The groves of coralline.

"Come to my halls!—where orient gems  
Are scattered thickly round,—  
None, in earth's richest diadems,  
So beautiful are found.

"For here, the diamond's purest ray  
With steady lustre shines,—  
More lucid than the light of day,  
Its splendour no'er declines.

"And here the ruby's glowing light,  
A mellow radiance spreads,—  
While trembling beams, more cold and bright,  
The em'rald mildly sheds.

"And thine shall be the plunder  
Of many a stately deck—  
Which storm, and war's fierce thunder,  
Have made a gallant wreck.

"Within my caves of Ocean,  
Their wealthy spoils are stored;  
The rich and costly portion,  
A sea-nymph brings her lord.

"And oft-times to enchant thee,  
With softest harmony—  
Sweet melodies I'll chaunt thee,  
As we float upon the sea.

"When evening's purple glory,  
Shines o'er the boundless main,  
O'er cliff, and mountain hoary—  
How sweet will be my strain!

"And when phosphoric splendour,  
Illumes the midnight sea—  
How bewitching!—and how tender!—  
Will be my songs for thee!

"Then haste to me—young Rover!  
For thou art bold and brave—  
And meet to be the lover  
Of a daughter of the wave!

"Come to my halls!—where sadly,  
I sit and sigh for thee,—  
I will welcome thee—how gladly!  
To my realms below the sea!"

The Fisher lends a willing ear,  
And on, his vessel glides;—  
He starts—is that a whirlpool near—  
Where chafe the 'whelming tides?—

A moment's thought—his brow he cross'd—  
His bark sheets o'er the wave!  
The soul and boat, so nearly lost,  
Jesu! he prays to save.

Dark grows the night—the tempest sweeps  
Athwart a starless sky;—  
And, fearfully, the sounding deeps  
Lift their fierce voices high.

But morning comes—and into port  
The little vessel sails—  
While mid her shrouds, soft breezes sport,  
And blow the fav'ring gales.

—And oft the Fisher warns his mates,  
Who wander o'er the main,—  
To shun the sweet and artful baits,  
Of the Mermaiden's strain!

## THE HALLS OF MISSOLONGHI.

---

If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?  
 The land of honourable death  
 Is here: up to the field, and give  
 Away thy breath.

Seek out, less often sought than found,  
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best:  
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
 And take thy rest.

BROWN.

---

In the Halls of Missolonghi,  
 A Chief expiring lay—  
 Where soldiers gather throngly,  
 While ebbs his life away:  
 Confusion and dismay surround—  
 And war's turmoil is there,—  
 Where silent Sorrow should be found,  
 Or the grave churchman's prayer.



He had left his lands and lordship,  
And sail'd far o'er the seas,  
For danger and for hardship,  
In the hapless cause of Greece,  
He came, in the red battle-field,  
If so it chanced—to die!  
While o'er his gory bed was peal'd  
The shout of Victory!

He came—to blend a warrior's bays,  
With bright Apollo's crown;  
And higher yet the altar raise  
Of his own fair renown;  
He came—with treasure freely pour'd—  
And all a Patriot's fire,—  
To add the triumphs of the Sword  
To the triumphs of the Lyre!

He came—to give a sated life  
In Glory's arms away;  
In Battle's spirit-stirring strife—  
—Not *thus*, in dull decay.  
And now, on fever's restless bed,  
Inglorious must he die—  
Where he the squadrons might have led,  
Of Greece and Liberty!

He came—from Grecian necks to break  
The hated Moslem yoke—  
And Freedom's echoes to awake,  
Where erst her trumpets spoke!  
He came her altars to uprear,  
And raise each ruin'd fane—  
And, from a bleeding country, tear  
Oppression's ruthless chain!

O'er his Lord's dying pillow  
Does one sad mourner bend;  
He had track'd him o'er the billow,  
His follower and his friend:  
The staunch, stout-hearted yeoman,  
Who—from his Master's side—  
Nor fear of foreign foe-man,  
Nor danger could divide!

—And is *he* thus expiring,  
In a distant land alone,  
Whose Harp our souls is firing  
With its undying tone?—  
Ill-fated—dark and lonely,  
Thy brief career has been!  
High Inspiration only,  
To gild thy 'wilder'd scene!

Bright, erring Child of Genius!  
—Who shall dare to censure thee?  
Or cast one shade calumnious,  
On thy hallow'd memory!  
Thine was a dang'rous dowry,—  
Apollo's burning beam,  
No earthly fount can satisfy—  
But an immortal stream!

For thine, were aspirations,  
This hollow world beyond;  
And—to thine inspirations,  
What bosom could respond?  
To thy rapt Lyre's impassion'd tone,  
What music could reply?  
—Nature's harmonious voice alone,  
The earth, and seas, and sky!

The mighty Sire, whose temp'ring hand,  
Thy soul's keen polish knew,—  
And whose unsleeping knowledge scann'd  
Thy grosser frailties too;  
May, to the errors of his child,  
Parental grace accord—  
And pardon—though the sheath defil'd  
The lustre of the sword!

The halo of Fame's glorious rays,  
Shall gild thine early tomb ;  
While deathless wreaths of brightest bays,  
Shall o'er thy ashes bloom !  
And in our Country's fairest page,  
Shall shine her Byron's name ;  
From year to year—from age to age—  
Its glory still the same !

## THOUGHTS OF AN INVALID.

---

— Though absent long,  
 These forms of beauty have not been to me,  
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :  
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,  
 And passing even into my purer mind,  
 With tranquil restoration.

WORDSWORTH.

---

OFF when oppress'd with pain and grief,  
 Languid and fever-toss'd I lie,—  
 Where nought can cheer, or give relief,  
 And frequent bursts the struggling sigh;  
 When reading palls—and converse tires—  
 And from my Babes fatigued I turn,  
 While kindled are the hectic fires,  
 That thro' my frame corrode and burn ;—  
 I think upon the cooling Streams,  
 That wander through the meadows free—  
 And steep my hot and fever'd dreams,  
 In Images of Purity.

I think upon the silent Hill,—

Where I have sate in days of yore,  
And felt such rapture, deep and still,  
As I may ne'er be bless'd with more:  
Where stretch'd the dark brown heath around,—  
Above, Heaven's azure concave shone,—  
And, scatter'd thinly o'er the ground,  
Gleam'd thro' the moss, the dim grey stone;  
While, 'mid the silence, oft is heard,  
The peaceful moor-sheep's plaintive cry,  
The twitter of a startled bird,  
Or bee's deep hum, while sweeping by.

I think upon the gushing Rills,

That sparkle brightly to the Sun,  
And through the silence of the hills,  
Gaily their cheerful current run;  
In Summer's heat, 'tis sweet to lie,  
With their cool waters welling near;  
Their limpid freshness soothes the eye,—  
Their rippling music charms the ear:  
Stainless those little mountain streams,  
Pursue their journey to the sea;  
And image forth, in Fancy's dreams,  
Pure Life—and vast Eternity!

I think on glowing Summer eves,  
When free, as yet, from pain and care,  
I wander'd on, amid the leaves,  
Tasting the soft luxuriant air,—  
Fraught with the woodbine's balmy breath,  
Which far its luscious fragrance throws;  
And pausing oft, to snatch a wreath,  
Where blooms the lovely wilding rose;—  
While, on the gentle evening gales,  
Is borne the hay-field's sweet perfume;  
And oft, the half-cloy'd sense inhales  
The purple bean-flower's od'rous bloom.

Sweet is it, thus, to muse and dream,  
Our pleas'd unconscious youth away,—  
To court bright Fancy's orient beam,  
And far from peopled haunts to stray;  
To gaze upon the glowing West,  
Where slowly sinks the Orb of Day,  
And laves his beams in Ocean's breast,  
While glory tracks his parting way—  
And, where those gorgeous clouds are furl'd,  
In mimic palaces and towers,  
Imagination paints a world,  
Brighter and lovelier far than ours!

I think on fervid Summer days,  
When I have lov'd to sit alone,  
And on the spreading Ocean gaze,  
And listen to its murm'ring tone,—  
As, curling to the echoing shore,  
Breaks on the beach, each silver wave;  
While the white sea-mew circles o'er,  
And her bright wing delights to lave;—  
Yes, it is sweet, in scenes like these,  
To taste the bliss of Solitude,—  
Where sights and sounds alike must please,  
And harmonize the troubled mood.

I think upon the lowly Nest,  
Among cool pastures far away,  
Where the Lark hides her downy breast,  
And springs aloft at peep of day.  
Swift through the yielding air she flies,  
And cleaves her upward course along,—  
Piercing the azure-vaulted skies,  
With her shrill-sounding matin song;—  
Could I but own her buoyant wing,  
Far from this fev'rish world I'd soar,  
To regions of eternal Spring,  
Where pain and grief are felt no more!



I think upon the fresh'ning Breeze—  
That sweeps its chainless course along,  
Whether it gently stirs the trees,  
And sports the forest-boughs among,—  
Whether, o'er beds of fragrant flowers,  
The perfum'd gales are softly stealing,—  
Or, when the threat'ning Tempest lours,  
The rushing blasts are loudly pealing:  
To each, the strange, mysterious chords,  
That form the music of the mind,—  
Sweet, sad, or solemn tones afford,  
As breathes thy voice, Oh viewless Wind!

I think upon the solemn Night,  
When, 'mid those purple skies afar,  
The lovely Moon emits her light,  
And brightly burns each glorious Star.  
—And not in vain ye brightly burn!—  
The rous'd, awaken'd Soul replies;  
—Much may the ardent spirit learn,  
Gazing upon those tranquil Skies!  
Far as the Earth's remotest bound  
Is heard, though silently, their voice;  
Diffusing holy thoughts around,  
And bidding fainting hearts rejoice!—

I think upon the living Streams,  
Beyond those radiant, speaking Skies ;  
And feast my glad aspiring dreams,  
With rapt'rous thoughts of Paradise.  
I think upon the Fields of light,  
Far, far above our Planet's sphere,  
Where fades no joy—where lurks no blight—  
But all is blissful, bright and clear!  
Where the assembled happy flock,  
Their blest Redeemer's face behold;  
And Sorrow's pangs no more can shock,  
The ransom'd tenants of His fold!

OSWY,

*A Legendary Tale of Cleveland.*


---

Oh! we have need of patient faith below,  
To clear away the mysteries of such wo!

MRS. HENANS.

---

'Twas on a Summer evening—when a train  
Moved slowly on through Cleveland's fertile plain;  
Dimm'd was their garb by travel's dust and soil,  
Their palfreys wearied with unwonted toil,—  
Yet might you see, on each grave brow impress'd,  
The thoughtful knowledge of some high behest;  
Amid the throng a litter's freight they bear—  
Northumbria's Princess, and her infant Heir.

Where Roseb'ry rears his isolated cone,—  
Like some huge Giant,—mighty and alone;  
And, in his solitary grandeur, stands  
To gaze, afar, o'er soft surrounding lands,—

—Turn'd that grave escort, from th' accustomed road,  
To one but rarely by such travellers trode;  
Up the steep Mountain's side, they slowly wend,  
And painfully its rugged height ascend;—  
At length they gain its barren, heathy brow,  
And gaze upon the lovely Vale below.

Gay tents, unwonted sight! are quickly spread,  
And glitter strangely on that Mountain's head—  
Guiltless before of such fantastic crown,  
—His coronet, the Mist and Cloud alone!

The astonish'd peasantry, with up-turn'd gaze,  
Mark Roseb'ry's stranger-guests with mute amaze;  
Whose solemn preparations all declare,  
They mean to make no transient visit there.

Meanwhile, attendants carefully dispose,  
Means for refreshment, and the night's repose;  
And, when their dutious services are done,  
The royal Lady, and her little Son,  
Are left, within the tent, to rest alone.  
—Costly repast is placed upon the board,  
With fruits and odorif'rous pigments stored;  
But still untouch'd the golden vessels stand,  
Though placed invitingly, by Order's hand.

—Wrapt and absorbed in all a Mother's joy,  
The Princess gazes fondly on her Boy;  
Whose features fair—and noble, vig'rous form—  
With int'rest, ev'n a stranger's breast might warm;  
She clasps him to her fond maternal heart,  
While in her eyes soft tears of rapture start,—  
And oft repeats the oft-return'd caress,  
And pauses still to gaze, and still to bless!

“Now thou art safe, my beautiful! my own!  
Safe are we, Oswy, on this Mountain lone!  
Far, far above the Sea's tumultuous tide—  
Far from fierce Rivers rolling deep and wide.  
—No Lake, of bounds o'er-swol'n, can reach us here,  
So welcome Hope! and bid adieu to Fear!  
On this high Mount, the Augur's doom I brave,—  
Nor dread his terrors of prophetic wave,  
To sweep my Oswy from his Mother's breast,—  
But safely may he on this bosom rest!”

Hush'd by her song, and cradled by her hand,  
The Boy resign'd himself to slumbers bland;  
—Still the glad Mother, by her sleeping Child,  
Hung fondly o'er, and in her rapture smil'd;—  
Kiss'd his soft lips, and forehead brightly fair,  
Till her full soul found best relief in prayer!

Long knelt she there, in plenitude of joy;  
Then rising, gazed again, and kiss'd her Boy.


How beautiful is Childhood's happy sleep !  
In Innocence how pure!—Repose how deep!—  
We gaze, half-rev'rently, on rest so fair,  
And feel a holier spirit breathing there.  
Spell-bound, we lean above the tranquil form,  
To fuller beauty flush'd by slumbers warm;  
And fondly linger o'er each placid grace,  
How softly beaming in the quiet face!  
—Ah! might such graces evermore appear,  
And Purity and Peace smile always there!

All thoughts of joy were to that Princess sent,  
Lost in a reverie of full content;  
Seldom and rare, such blissful moods are given—  
But when they are, Earth breathes to us of Heaven!  
And even Hope's delicious tumults cease,  
Lost in the certainty of perfect peace:  
—Not oft can we such cloudless transports know,  
“The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!”

The curtain'd entrance, now, the Lady rais'd,—  
And o'er the soft, reposing landscape gaz'd.  
—In that pure region of the middle air,  
What deep tranquillity and peace were there!

Which sweetly harmonis'd in blissful rest,  
With the delightful calmness of her breast.  
—Sunset, with hues of rich and gorgeous dyes,  
Had spread his banner in the Western skies;  
Earth smiles enchanted, in the golden beam,  
While o'er her verdant breast its glories stream.  
Fair spreads the undulating Vale around,  
With trees, and woods, and richest culture crown'd:  
While noble Mountains link stupendous chain,  
And rise, protecting, from the smiling plain.  
Far 'mid the glowing West, the Lady sees,  
Where rolls thy silver stream—majestic Tees!  
—But glancing quickly to the spreading main,  
The Princess clos'd her silken doors again;  
A chill of horror through her bosom rush'd—  
Till pleas'd Security her tremors hush'd.  
—“Safe are we here, from Stream and rolling Sea,—  
They cannot come, my Child, to injure thee!  
Save that a Deluge lifts them to the sky,  
Then, in one wave engulf'd, we both should die!”—

The Prince was lock'd in slumber—sweet, serene—  
O'er him, how fondly, does his Mother lean!  
Till Sleep, long banish'd from her wakeful eyes,  
Now gently seals them, with a soft surprise :



Tir'd Nature yields,—the Mother and her Boy,  
Are lost in grateful sleep's unconscious joy.

Morn wakes the tuneful bird—the busy bee—  
O'er purple heaths, to hold their revelry;  
And Morn is lovely, on that Mountain old,  
Of which this legendary tale is told.  
He seems to rear his hoary Crest on high,  
To court the awak'ning blushes of the sky;  
Whose earliest beams, first gild his dewy brow,  
Long ere bright rays steal o'er the Vale below.  
—And, cloudlessly, that morning rose and smiled,  
To wake, with its soft light, the joyous Child:  
Who soon up-springing, gaz'd surpris'd around,  
Nor wist, at first, what scene might him surround.

—“Not this my couch, in fair Northumberland!”—  
But soon was recogniz'd, the spot he scann'd;  
He softly kiss'd his sleeping Mother's brow,  
—Then, from the tent, went bounding like a roe,—  
Unmark'd by any, for fatigue and sleep,  
Yet plung'd them in oblivion, calm and deep.  
—Delighted with unwonted liberty,  
The Boy rov'd on, with step and spirit free;  
Now paus'd—to gaze upon the East, where roll'd  
Clouds of rich purple, blent with burnish'd gold,—



Now dash'd the dew, from the wild-rose away,  
And hung enraptur'd o'er the scented spray,—  
Imbib'd the woodbine's redolent perfume,  
And pluck'd the lowly heath-flower's purple bloom.

At length he reach'd a limpid, bubbling rill,  
Which coolly gushes, on that mossy hill;  
The tinkling Fount makes melody around,  
To Oswy, all unwonted sight and sound—  
For still where streamlets sing, and waters play,  
Had Oswy watchfully been kept away;  
In hope the Prince might shun the doom of dread,  
Like sword suspended o'er his infant head.  
—Prediction's voice had waru'd, that in the wave,  
Northumbria's heir should find an early grave;—  
But, could he 'scape such doom, his bright career  
In Britain's annals would be held most dear.  
—For this, the Princess sought that Mountain's height,  
To ward her Child from the decree of Fate;  
And, with false safety, tranquilliz'd and bless'd,  
Amid unconscious danger, took her rest.

Long, by that Fountain, play'd the gladsome Child,  
While on its bason, Morn's first radiance smil'd;—  
In which, reflected now, the Prince espies,  
His beauteous Shadow, with a pleas'd surprise.

Long, coyly there, the pretty Shade he eyed,  
Smiling upon him from the crystal tide ;  
Such Shade, before, the Boy had never seen,  
—Nor can he now define what it may mean !  
He stoops—his playmate by the hand to clasp,  
But only ice-cold water meets his grasp !  
He thinks that surely hid, beneath the stream,  
Must be that Boy, whose smiles upon him beam !  
Upon the brink, he hesitating stood—  
Then plung'd, to meet his Doom, in that small flood !  
The stifling waters drown'd his feeble cry,  
And none beheld his dying agony !

—Alas ! for that poor Mother's waking woe,  
To miss the Babe—her cherish'd bliss below !  
—Alas ! for her—who came, too late, to save  
Her beauteous Oswy, from the fatal wave !  
—Oh ! pang most fearful, to the Mother's heart,  
To feel such deep, deep love—and yet to part !  
By that lone Fount, bereav'd, the Princess stands,  
With curdling cheek, and vainly-wringing hands ;—  
The mute attendants gather sadly round,  
While speech at length the wretched Mother found.

—“ Alas ! too long and fruitlessly I've striven,  
To mar thy changeless purposes, high Heaven !  
Oh ! grant me strength, to bear this stunning blow,  
And be my Comforter and Blessing, Thou !  
—Henceforth to Heaven—myself I dedicate,  
No more to struggle 'gainst the doom of Fate.  
A Cloister's shade shall hide me in its gloom,  
To pray, for ever, by my Oswy's tomb;—  
And cherish hope, that when these woes are o'er,  
My Babe and I shall meet—to part no more ! ”

## LINES,

*Written Nov. 21st, 1832, after great affliction.*

---

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

ST. MATTHEW.

---

Set not—set not your hearts on Earth,  
 Her joys are fleeting—her gifts have no worth;  
 Bright and fair as her glories seem,  
 They will fade to the touch, like the hues of a dream;  
 Sweet as the draught in her Chalice may be,  
 The dregs are embitter'd by Misery.

Heed not the baits of her gilded snare,  
 Trouble, and watchings, and toil are there;  
 Anxious days and sleepless nights,  
 Are the price of the Miser's stern delights;  
 And many a coffer's hoarded gold,  
 Could a tale of murder and fraud unfold.

Raise not your eye to Ambition's Star,  
Where, fiercely flaming, it beams afar;  
The scorching glare of its baneful light,  
Each lovely growth of the Soul will blight;  
And, beneath its self-consuming fire,  
Freedom, and Honour, and Truth expire!

Does thy bosom swell with the hope that Fame  
May blazon her glories around thy name?  
That about thy brows her wreaths shall twine,  
And the meed of immortal praise be thine?  
—With the burning brain, and the racking thought,  
And the wasted frame, will thy laurels be bought?

Has Love his thralldom about thee wound,  
And thy heart in his silken fetters bound?  
Are his roseate hues o'er thy future cast,  
Does he promise for ever his joys shall last?  
Hast thou made thy bosom an Idol's throne,  
Where he reigns despotic, and reigns alone?

Soon, too soon, will the vision fade,  
When the wreck of heart and of peace is made:  
The fairy scenes Love's witch'ries make,  
Fleet like the Desert's treach'rous lake;  
And the weary Pilgrim journeys on,  
When Love, and Hope, and Joy are gone!

Dost thou pour Affection's treasures forth,  
On some fair, frail thing, some Child of Earth?  
Dost thou garner thy hopes on some dear head,  
And tears of parental rapture shed,  
As the lovely human blossom-blows,  
And far and wide its fragrance throws?

Place not—place not your treasure there,—  
Or farewell Peace!—welcome Despair!—  
The fairest forms, Decay will pine,  
And bid each budding grace decline;  
And fell Disease oft sweeps away,  
The vainly lov'd, and cherish'd clay!

Taste not Pleasure's madd'ning draught;  
—Mark those well who her cup have quaff'd;  
The haggard cheek, and the reeling eye,  
Are the signs which note her Votary;  
And Health and Peace, nay, the precious Soul,  
Are often lost in the midnight bowl!

Those blessed Lips which could not lie,  
Have bid us build our hopes on high:  
—Place we on Earth our fondest trust,  
Our treasures are clay, and our wealth is dust;  
And rust may canker, and moths consume,  
What escapes from spoil and the yawning tomb.

Fix—oh ! fix then—your hopes above,  
Transplant to Heaven that yearning love !  
Bliss, on Earth, but blooms—to die !  
In Heaven—it blossoms eternally !  
And lasting the treasure—unchanged the reward—  
That is waiting in Heaven—for the lov'd of their Lord !

## THE EMIGRANT PEASANT'S FAREWELL.

---

\* Nos patrias fines, et dulcia linquimus arva;  
Nos patriam fagimus:

VIRGIL EC. I. 3. 4.

Exilioque domos et dulcia limina mutant,  
Atque alio patriam quærant sub Sole jacentem.

VIRGIL G. II. 511. 512.

---

'Tis Eve—and o'er the distant hill  
Slow sinks the Orb of Day,  
While clouds of glory linger still,  
To track his parting way:  
O'er rock and sea, that lovely light,  
A mellow radiance throws;  
And field and wood are glancing bright,  
In evening's soft repose.

\* In apology for the apparent affectation of making a quotation from a language of which I am totally ignorant,—I beg leave to say, that I have done so, at the request of my father, who judged this beautiful selection from Virgil, too appropriate to the tenor of the little poem to which it is prefixed, to be omitted.



A stately Vessel proudly glides  
O'er Ocean's glassy breast;  
Her buoyant keel the surge divides,  
Which rears its snowy crest:  
To court the soft awak'ning gale,  
Her white wings are unfurl'd,—  
To waft that fair, receding Sail,  
To the far Western world.

The glorious Ship!—She grandly looms  
In the declining Sun;  
While, from the shore, now gravely booms,  
The solemn farewell Gun:  
And, ever and anon, this strain,  
Is o'er the waters flung;  
Upon the mighty, tranquil Main,  
By parting voices sung.

“Adieu!—A long and last adieu,  
Our pleasant native Land!  
We go, to scenes and faces new,  
Upon a foreign strand:  
It boots not, *now*, to mourn and weep—  
It boots not to repine—  
Though we may find not, o'er the Deep,  
A soil more lov'd than thine!

" We leave our Homes, where joyously,  
Our own young footsteps strayed;  
Where, under Summer's shelt'ring tree,  
Our children safely play'd.  
We leave the Hearths, where song and tale,  
Have cheer'd the winter night,—  
In our own cherish'd, native vale,  
'Mong kindred faces bright!

" We leave—we leave our pleasant Fields—  
Our haunts by wood and stream;  
How sweet the scent their harvest yields!  
How bright their waters gleam!  
No more shall we—how cheerily—  
In those lov'd limits toll;  
But heartless—hopeless—wearily—  
Improve a foreign soil.

" We leave the Tombs, where quietly,  
Our Fathers' ashes lie;  
Our own will sleep—across the deep—  
Beneath another Sky:  
We leave the ancient Church, where first,  
Our souls commun'd with God;  
Where holy thoughts were gently nurs'd  
Even by the hallow'd sod!

“ Farewell—a long and last farewell—  
Our tranquil cottage home !  
The fav’ring gales our canvass swell,  
While chafes the salt sea-foam :  
Farewell, the Land which gave us birth,  
Which saw our children born,—  
Which knew our youth’s unheeding mirth,  
And Manhood’s cares forlorn !

“ We go, where vast Savannahs spread,  
A distant home to find;  
Where gloomy Forests, dark and dread,  
Bow to the midnight wind !  
We go, where mighty Rivers pour  
Their rushing torrents wide;  
To hear Ohio’s waters roar,  
Or Susquehanna’s tide !

“ And other hands our fields will reap,  
While far remov’d we stray;  
And, o’er Atlantic’s awful deep,  
Have ta’en our parted way.  
Upon our hearths, now cold and dead,  
A Stranger’s fire will burn;  
While we to other lands have fled—  
—We never shall return !

"Adieu! again, our native shore;

Our homes—our friends adieu!

We hear your kind farewells no more;—

No more your faces view.

Think of us in your pensive hours;—

Think of us in your prayer;—

*We* fear no storm that darkly lours—

For—Father!—Thou art there!"

## EGERIA TO HER LOVER.

---

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart  
 Which found no mortal resting-place so fair  
 As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art  
 Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,  
 The nympholepsy of some fond despair;  
 Or it might be, a beauty of the earth,  
 Who found a more than common votary there  
 Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,  
 Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

CHILDE HAROLD, CANTO IV. v. 115.

---

WITHIN my silver fountain,  
 I sit and wait for thee;  
 The hours and minutes counting,  
 Which part my Lord from me:  
 Mightier the deathless flame I prove,  
 • Than that which I inspire,  
 For mine, the depths of woman's love,  
 With an Immortal's fire!

---

When the first blushing light of day  
 Colours my crystal rill,  
 And bright Apollo's golden ray,  
 Streams o'er the distant hill;  
 With joy I hail the day-star's birth,  
 Which, in its soft decline,  
 When evening's shades steal o'er the earth,  
 Will blend my soul with thine!

When, in the fervid heat of noon,  
 I seek my coolest cell;  
 And sit and muse on thee alone,  
 Where purest waters well:  
 I sigh to think, I cannot share  
 With thee, my limpid home;  
 Nor shield thee from the sun and air,  
 Of thine own glowing Rome!

When, in the purple light of eve,  
 The flowers their petals close;  
 And weary men, their labours leave,  
 For Nature's soft repose:  
 When perfumes fill the gentle air,  
 That breathe from plant and tree,—  
 I, to my fountain's side, repair,  
 And watch and wait for thee!

Oft then, as fade the fleeting hours,  
In roseate light away,  
The nightingale, above me, pours  
Her soft, mellifluous lay:  
This fault'ring tongue can ne'er express  
All that I feel for thee;  
Let her entrancing tenderness,  
My soul's best medium be!

Then, while each burning star of night,  
My fount its mirror makes;  
And the bright moon's resplendent light,  
Its crystal depths awakes;  
How merrily the bubbles dance,  
To meet that glorious beam,  
Which casts, at length, its wish'd-for glance,  
Upon my haunted stream!

Haste, Numa, haste!—or I will chide  
My Lover's slow delay;  
Fling all thy cares of state aside,  
Thy regal pomp away:  
In love and bliss *they* have no part—  
So come, with spirit free,  
And bless the fond, and loving heart,  
That watches still for thee!

# META, OR THE POWER OF JOY.

## *A Tale.*

---

—nessun maggior dolore,  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria,—

DANTE.

---

It is a simple tale I tell;  
—But human joy, and human woe,  
Have power the answ'ring hearts to swell  
Of those, who own a kindred throe;  
Whether Emotion's tide is poured  
Through sterner bosoms of the North,—  
Or hearts, with Southern passions stored,  
Lavish their burning treasures forth;  
Where'er it be, that Grief has wept,  
Devotion pray'd, or Hope has smil'd,  
Or Love into the heart has crept,  
'Mid city-throngs, or in the wild:—



Where'er the joys and griefs are known,  
Our common nature bids us feel,  
Responsive throbs we still must own,  
And sigh for woe, and smile for weal:  
Therefore this simple tale I tell,  
Of home-felt grief and home-felt joy;—  
Too potent joy—as it befell,  
To one, whose youthfullife, such gladness could destroy!

Not distant far, where Haerlem's towers  
Arise, 'mid stately groves and bowers,  
A wealthy Merchant's mansion stood,  
Embosom'd in a noble wood.  
Fair were his fields—his gardens fair—  
Abundance pour'd her treasures there;  
His vessels ride the subject main—  
His flocks and herds adorn the plain—  
And, in his home, a blooming train  
Of youths, and gentle maidens rise,  
'To bless their loving parents' eyes.  
The kindly neighbours smile to see,  
Their worthy friend's prosperity;  
In others' woes to bear a part,  
Prompt was his kind, expansive heart—  
And all who bless'd him as he pass'd,  
Wish'd his fair fortunes e'er might last—

And Sorrow's blight, and Hope's decay,  
Far from his mansion keep away.

Who has not mark'd, where bright and boon,  
Shine the resplendent beams of Noon;  
Some envious Cloud at distance rise,  
And veil their lustre from his eyes?  
—Small tho', at first, that envious Cloud,  
Soon it extends its gloomy shroud;  
And o'er the dim, and paling Sun,  
Spreads its dark mantle, drear and dun.  
Then, blinding showers begin to fall,  
And Nature's charms are hid in pall:  
While all the beauteous flowers that throw  
Their sweetness on the morning-dew,  
And oped their blooms, to court the ray,  
Of the refulgent God of Day,—  
Now hang their heads beneath the rain,  
Their bright leaves dimmed by spot and stain;  
Their odours fled—their beauties soiled—  
They lie—of loveliness despoiled.

Who has not mark'd—the tempest o'er—  
When pouring torrents fall no more,  
When angry clouds disperse away,  
And bursts again the cheering ray,—

Though bent their stems and cups with rain,  
Those drooping flowers revive again,—  
And glistening wet with pearly dew,  
Upraise their prostrate charms anew,—  
Bestowing fragrance rich and sweet,  
To hail the parting Storm's retreat,—  
And rear their lovely heads once more,  
Fresher and fairer than before ?

Who has not mark'd some hapless flower,  
Low bowed amid the thunder-shower,—  
Broken and bent, all sullied lie,  
Nor rise beneath a smiling sky,—  
Which pours in vain its genial ray,  
O'er the poor flow'ret's dim decay ?

Thus rose, afar, the envious Cloud,  
Our worthy Merchant's hopes to shroud.  
Whether Almighty Power design'd,  
To have his sterling ore refin'd  
In adverse Fortune's furnace-fire—  
To humble pride—and stint desire :  
—Or whether Sathanas had power,  
To tempt in Sorrow's painful hour—  
As erst o'er Job such sway was given,  
To prove him in the sight of Heaven :

—That as it may, his fortunes failed,  
Prosperity's bright Sun was veiled—  
On every side, reverses rose,  
His plans, unlook'd events oppose.  
Some years to breast the stream he tried,  
Which forced along its 'whelming tide,—  
Till, as he mark'd each hope's decay,  
His fortitude and strength gave way;  
Of hopeful energy despoiled,  
No more against the stream he toiled,—  
But saw its darkly-flowing tide,  
Spread devastation far and wide,—  
And all his cherish'd household joy,  
His wealth and bliss alike destroy.

Time pass'd—and where he dwelt of yore,  
The worthy Merchant dwells no more—  
A stranger owns his fair domain,  
While distant far, he seeks to gain,  
A scanty pittance—far remov'd  
From scenes, so long and fondly lov'd.  
—Oft will Distress, Love's links divide;  
His children, scatter'd far and wide,  
Must earn a painful livelihood  
In the harsh bonds of servitude.

One son, a vent'rous youth and bold,  
Left the low roof, in quest of gold;  
He sought the traffic-teeming main,  
Other, and wealthier lands to gain;  
And hoped, by treasure hardly won,  
Beneath a burning Indian sun,  
His ruin'd parents to restore  
To their "fair palmy state" of yore.  
—Such hopes, the gallant youth inspir'd,  
By filial love's devotion fir'd;  
—Such hopes, the gen'rous bosom gave,  
Which found, alas! a wat'ry grave,  
'Neath the vex'd Ocean's billowy wave!  
—Ere long the hapless parents read,  
While torn afresh, their bosoms bled,  
The gallant Ship, with all her crew,  
Had perish'd—and their Ernest too!

Bowed to the earth by pain and grief,  
Religion gave her mild relief;—  
Her anchor, 'mid Affliction's flood,  
The tempest of despair withstood.  
They toiled in hope of better days,  
And still had strength for prayer and praise;  
—But should Misfortune's devious strife,  
End only with their mortal life,—

More lasting bliss they trust to own,  
Where life's reverses are unknown!

Still time pass'd on—years had gone by,  
And seen their patient poverty;  
The Merchant's locks were silver grown,  
And grief had furrowing wrinkles sown;  
Decay, his aged partner shares,  
Unfit for toil and household cares,  
Which fall in heavy burthen now,  
On one ill-formed such pains to know.  
Their youngest child, a tender maid,  
Yet with her aged parents stayed.  
—Had prosp'rous fortune Meta bless'd,  
How had she been admir'd, caress'd!  
Her beauty and her talents prais'd,  
While on her charms, adorers gaz'd!  
Remote—neglected, and alone,  
Now must she different fortunes own—  
In menial offices must share,  
Though all too frail, such toils to bear.  
When the bright page of studious lore,  
She gladly would have ponder'd o'er,—  
Or wak'd her now all-silent lute,  
From its long slumber—sad and mute—

Now must she act a hireling's part,  
And stifle sadness in her heart.  
Patient she toil'd, and murmur'd not,—  
But sunk beneath her adverse lot.  
Of soul refin'd—of fragile form—  
She drooped beneath Affliction's storm ;  
—As the bright wreath, in Summer's ray,  
Yields sweetest odours to the day—  
But bends and breaks beneath the shower,  
Which beats upon the helpless flower.

—'Twas on a lovely eve of Spring,  
When Meta's daily duties o'er,  
She sate her down to knit and sing,  
Beside the humble cottage-door.  
Around her was a garden plot,  
A small, but fair and cultur'd spot—  
Where the good Merchant's ev'ning toil,  
Won beauty from the teeming soil.  
Flowers of rare and richest dyes,  
Shone softly 'neath the evening skies;—  
They bloom'd as fair, with odours sweet,  
As when their fragrance went to greet  
The Merchant, in his lov'd retreat.  
Their beauty charm'd each grateful sense,  
With colours bright, and sweets intense,

As bounteous, by that cottage-door,  
As in the Mansion's bowers of yore :  
—Ah ! how unlike the faithless race,  
Who shun Misfortune's hiding-place—  
But lavish all their sweets and charms,  
Where prosp'rous Fortune's sunshine warms !

Such thoughts might pass, tho' unexpress'd,  
Through the sad Meta's mournful breast.  
Awhile she sang—then paused ;—again  
The Maid resum'd her pensive strain—  
Now ceased—her weary hands give o'er,  
And ply their busy task no more ;  
While o'er her wak'ning memory stray,  
Shadows of joys, long pass'd away.  
Her arms are folded o'er her breast,  
Her leaning form reclines for rest—  
—Fixed on the West, her vacant eye,  
Marks not the evening's gorgeous sky—  
But inward turn'd, to mind recalls,  
Her ruin'd Father's distant halls—  
Where once her happy childhood played,  
Nor dream'd of hope and joy decayed.  
—Now busy Fancy, wakes a train  
Of vanish'd pleasures, in her brain—



Brothers and sisters smiling rise,  
As once they flourish'd in her eyes—  
Their gentle voices float around,  
And all is holy, haunted ground!  
She joins the dance—she hears the song  
Steal the soft ev'ning airs along—  
—On Fancy's pinions borne, the Maid  
Far from the cot and garden strayed—  
'Mid scenes of youthful rapture rov'd,  
And met again with friends belov'd!

Whilst thus the visionary Fair,  
With Mem'ry, sought relief from Care;—  
A gentle hand, the wicket raised,  
And on a Stranger, Meta gazed.  
Swart was his hue—foreign his mien—  
Hot Suns have burn'd where he has been.  
Afric's dark sons such tints disclose;—  
Such stain, the dusky Indian shows.  
His turbann'd head, and jewell'd hand,  
Bespeak a Stranger in the land,—  
Yet gaz'd she—as that dark youth were  
Not *all* an unknown Stranger there!  
—Something his beaming looks disclosed,  
The Maid's rous'd bosom discomposed;—

Hopes—fears—long silenced and repressed,  
Awoke wild tumults in her breast.

She strove to speak—but sound denied—

On her pale lips the accents died;

And when the Stranger silence broke,

What passions in her bosom woke!

—For, amid Manhood's deepened tone,

She hears a voice—well—fondly known!

But yet the thrilling hope repells—

And wild Emotion vainly quells!

—Has the Sea given up its dead?—

When hope so long ago was fled?—

Dusk stands the swarthy Stranger there—

Her Ernest's hues were bright and fair!

His tones were soft—yet this deep voice,

Brings back the thought of buried joys!

A thrilling and o'er-pow'ring train,

They hurry through her breast and brain,—

She pants—she trembles—wild and pale,

She listens to the Stranger's tale.

“And does my Sister know me not?—

Is the poor Ernest quite forgot?—

—When, 'neath the burning beams of Ind,

For Home, and home's delight I pined—

Thoughts of my blest return, had power  
To cheer each toilsome, absent hour!  
—Little my gentle Meta knows,  
All her fond Brother can disclose,  
Of Storm and Shipwreck—doubtful strife,  
'Mid the wild elements, for life!  
Of danger 'scap'd—of Slavery's yoke—  
Which nigh this buoyant spirit broke!  
Of fight—of labour long and stern,  
Ere I my Master's grace could earn:  
Once won, how generous and kind!  
Even to faults and errors blind!  
—No kindred claims the Moslem knew—  
Therefore his gifts distill'd like dew,  
On those who in his favour grew.  
—But this is theme for future day—  
Suffice it, briefly, now to say,  
My gen'rous Master drooped and died—  
And left me free!—and wealth beside!—  
—These precious gems, Meta, behold!  
And—gentle Sister—I have gold  
Our parents' comforts to restore  
And cheer them, as in times of yore!  
—How are my Mother, and my Sire?  
Bright hopes, my eager questions fire!

—I trust that Age has lightly pass'd  
O'er their dear heads—nor shadows cast;  
But each kind face will beam with joy,  
To bless their lost—returning Boy!"

No glad reply, the Maiden gave—  
But all was silent—as the grave!  
—Her passive hand, her Brother took,  
And bent—to seek the answ'ring look  
Of those fond eyes, which ever shone  
Her Ernest, tenderly upon!  
—There still was light, in that dim gaze,  
Which beamed not—as in other days—  
And when she met her Brother's eye,  
How long she look'd!—how fervently!—  
What depth of bliss that gaze express'd!  
Bliss—softly sinking into Rest!  
One pressure, gave her gentle hand!—  
One sigh, her Brother's dark locks fann'd!—  
And then—her soaring Soul had flown,  
Where such wild transports are unknown!!!

Too finely strung—her Heart had broke—  
When bliss its thrilling music woke.  
The tide of rapture, deep and strong,  
Had borne her fragile Life along;—

And keenest Bliss—and purest Joy,  
Had proved Almighty—to destroy!!

—Thus, the fair flow'ret drooping lies,  
Beneath Misfortune's frowning skies—  
And, when glad sun-shine smiles again,  
Reviving rays are pour'd in vain—  
On the pale wreath, still with'ring there,  
Though bright the Sun, and mild the air!

### THE REVEL'S QUEEN.

---

AMID the gay and festive throng,  
 My smile is brightest seen;  
 And mingling glittering crowds among,  
 I move, the Revel's Queen :  
 They little think, that, all the while,  
 I play a false—false part;  
 And beaming eye, and wreathing smile,  
 But hide a breaking heart.

I braid my locks with gems and gold,  
 I crown my brows with flowers,  
 While gorgeous robes my form enfold,  
 To grace those festal hours;  
 And when those festal hours are o'er,  
 I fling my gauds aside—  
 And ah! how bitterly deplore,  
 Thy triumph, heartless Pride!

Where floats the song, my soft guitar:  
And voice, most gaily twine;  
And where the dancers' mazes are,  
The lightest foot is mine.  
Mine is the joyous-sounding laugh—  
Mine is the gladsome eye—  
And, thoughtlessly, I pledge and quaff,  
The cup of revelry!

This gay disguise, from these around,  
May gnawing grief conceal;  
—But where shall Lethe's wave be found,  
To bid *me* cease to feel?  
For *this*, I Pleasure's cup have quaffed,  
And Sleep's narcotic bowl;—  
Nor sparkling wine, nor opiate draught  
Can cheat the wakeful Soul!

## TO WORDSWORTH.

---

HIGH Priest of Nature!—When I read thy strain,  
 A soothing calm breathes o'er my breast and brain;  
 While o'er my Soul, thy gentle notes diffuse  
 Refreshing balm—like Evening's grateful dews.  
 —'Tis as a Summer-shower had clear'd the air,  
 And left delicious odours breathing there—  
 Or, as Earth smiles—when Sunset's mellow ray,  
 From her green bosom, sweetly melts away!  
 —As sweet, the thoughts thy holy lays impart,  
 To tranquillize, and elevate the heart,—  
 Deep and serene thy Inspiration flows,  
 Like a pure River, in its calm repose;  
 —Long may its stream o'er human bosoms glide,  
 And fertilize them with its limpid tide!  
 Rouse kindly feelings in th' awaken'd breast—  
 And bid a Mortal—taste an Angel's Rest!



### THE MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

---

How many sink into the grave in all their personal beauty, and all their mental charms, and are heard of no more! Of them no bright thoughts are recorded, no touching emotions, no wild imaginations. All their fine and true perceptions, all their instructive knowledge of the human soul, and all their pure speculations on the mystery of human life, vanish for ever and ay with the parting breath. A fair, amiable, intelligent young maiden has died, and is buried. That is all. And her grave lies in its unvisited rest.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

---

BENEATH an Elm-tree's shelt'ring shade  
 There lies a grassy Tomb,  
 Where primrose-tufts have sunshine made,  
 And earliest violets bloom;  
 'Tis water'd by the dews of Heaven,  
 'Tis fann'd by Summer's breeze,  
 'Tis shadow'd by the tints of Even,—  
 And Morn's first radiance sees.

And o'er that humble, quiet Grave,  
Blythe birds are singing free,  
Where rustling boughs the foliage wave,  
Of that old, leafy Tree.  
And when the gentle airs of Spring,  
Their balmy influence breathe,  
Glad children there, bright flow'rets bring,  
And lovely chaplets wreath.

The sculptur'd Stone, which o'er the Grave,  
Its mute memorial keeps—  
Tells, where that Elm-tree's branches wave,  
A Maiden sweetly sleeps;  
Within that verdant, grassy mound,  
She takes her dreamless rest,  
Where fairest flowers are earliest found,  
On Earth's maternal breast.

We only know, a Maiden's bloom,  
Was early hidden there;  
Within the cold and silent Tomb,  
From Life's illusions fair.  
We only know, a Maiden sleeps  
Beneath the flowery sod:  
The Grave her mould'ring ashes keeps—  
Her Spirit is with God!

We only know, that Youth's glad light  
Once fill'd those darkened eyes;  
Though now, in Death's all-rayless night,  
That Maiden slumb'ring lies.  
We know not of her form or face,—  
We know not of her lot,—  
Her name—her age—are all we trace—  
More is remember'd not.

Perchance, within that quiet bed,  
Some beauteous fair-one lies;  
Whose lovely form, and airy tread,  
Have charm'd admiring eyes:  
Perchance, the silver-sounding tongue,  
And voice, are silent there—  
Which, softly sweet, their music flung,  
Upon the list'ning air.

Perchance, the glories of the mind,  
Once lit that mould'ring clay,  
Which now, in coffin'd gloom enshrin'd,  
Consumes to dust away.  
We find no ling'ring record there,  
Of the deep thoughts and high,  
Which once that silent breast might share,  
And light that slumb'ring eye!

Perchance, Affection's rifled heart,  
And hopes, lie buried here:  
—When Love's enliv'ning beams depart,  
Oh! what is *Death* to fear?  
Better that wounded heart to hide—  
To hide that blighted bloom—  
And shroud the wither'd maiden pride,  
In the shadow of the tomb!

Who knows—what mines of burning thought,  
Her lofty mind might yield;  
Though the rich ore no longer wrought,  
They perish'd unreveal'd!  
What rays of Genius' hallow'd fire,  
O'er her their lustre pour'd,  
Though now unstrung the tuneful Lyre,  
And mute its quivering chord!

Perchance, a soaring Soul might cling,  
Within a cov'ring frail,  
Which shiver'd at the breeze of Spring,  
And bent beneath the gale;  
Higher, has sprung that mounting Soul—  
Higher, that Spirit soared—  
Though shatter'd is the golden bowl,  
And loos'd the silver cord!

Who knows—what bursts of tenderness,  
That buried heart has known;  
What love to share—what pow'r to bless—  
Though now 'tis cold and lone!  
Alas for Love!—Alas for Youth!—  
With all their purple bloom;  
Nor flatt'ring Hope, nor glowing Truth,  
Can cheat the yawning tomb!

Who knows—what storms of Passion's night,  
That bosom may have quelled,  
When fair Religion's lovely light,  
The meteor-blaze dispelled!  
What rainbow dreams of bliss on earth—  
Imaginations proud—  
High thoughts, to which our hearts give birth,  
Before the Cross have bowed!

We know not this—we know no more,  
Than that a Maid lies here,—  
Where turf and flowers, are clust'ring o'er,  
Her lowly, humble bier.  
We know but that a Maiden sleeps,  
Beneath the verdant sod:—  
The Grave her mould'ring ashes keeps—  
Her Spirit is with God!

## TO WINTER.

*Written at the commencement of April, 1833.*

---

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,  
 And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze ;  
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets  
 Deform the day delightless.

THOMSON'S SPRING.

---

GLOOMY Winter, hence !—away !—  
 Nor longer in our climate stay.  
 Gather all thy train together,  
 All thy host of adverse weather—  
 Fog, and mist, and fearful storm,  
 Too long pale Nature's face deform.  
 Hence !—and prison'd in thy cave,  
 Bid thy fetter'd tempests rave,—  
 Till a few brief Moons have pass'd,  
 And their sweet influence o'er us cast,  
 —Then shall thy rage have leave again,  
 To rend the hill, and wreck the plain,  
 With howling winds, and blighting rain !

Meanwhile, I bid thee hence!—away!—  
Nor longer chill our lengthen'd day,  
Nor “linger in the lap of May.”

Hence!—where round the frozen Pole,  
Arctic glooms and horrors roll!  
—Where thy stern eternal reign,  
Chains the sea, and binds the plain!  
—Where Silence fills the solemn air,  
Save, when thine awful Voice is there,  
Or, muttering, growls the Polar Bear!  
Hence!—give place!—away, away!  
We pine for Spring's awak'ning ray.

Winter!—now thy reign is o'er,  
Tempests vex the earth no more.  
—Winter!—word of eulogy,  
Shall thy cold Moons ne'er win from me.  
Though sweet thy sport of hardy joy  
To the glowing, vent'rous Boy.  
Whether he dares, elate, to glide  
O'er the lock'd River's frozen tide—  
Or archly aims the snowy ball,  
Conceal'd behind some shelt'ring wall—  
Or frames, of snow, the spectral shape,  
The human face and form to ape,

Which soon in streams dissolves away,  
Beneath the Sun's first feeble ray.

Winter!—thy lengthen'd Night is dear,  
To those whom health and gladness cheer;  
Who cluster round the evening fire,  
While tale and song, gay Mirth inspire,  
Or Music's spells our souls entrance,  
Where graceful floats the mazy dance,  
And soft lips smile, and bright eyes glance!  
—Dear are the joys thy twilight brings,  
While mantle o'er, its dusky wings;  
—Favor'd of bounteous Heav'n!—to those,  
Who, in Contentment's sweet repose,  
Taste bliss, from which they ne'er would roam,  
Amid the heartfelt joys of Home!  
Who see their Children's tresses bright,  
Shine gaily in the red hearth-light—  
Who hear each merry, youthful voice,  
Bid the glad Parents' hearts rejoice—  
Whilst Mirth and Lore the time employ,  
In lofty thought, or harmless joy—  
Yes! sweet such home-felt pleasures are,  
If Health, Religion, Peace, be there!



Winter! dear thy aspect wild,  
To the glad, admiring Child ;—  
—He loves, with up-turn'd gaze, to mark,  
Where from the Cloud, so stern and dark,  
Noiseless, the feathery snow-flakes fall,  
And their white liv'ry cast o'er all.  
—He loves, on the hoar pane, to see,  
The frost-work's curious tracery,  
Of landscape fair, and leafy tree;  
—To mark, suspended from the bough,  
The icicles' bright, glittering row;  
Or, pleasing task! the crumbs to fling,  
Where Robin hops, with russet wing,  
And breast of scarlet's brightest dye,  
With trustful look, and suppliant eye.  
—Such scenes, to Childhood's happy heart,  
Pure bliss, and keen delight impart.

Winter!—dread thy gloomy reign,  
Where Health denies her blissful train  
Of choicest gifts—when the frail form  
Shrinks from the blighting winter-storm;  
And thrills responsive, while each change,  
Does the weak tenement derange.

—Dread is thy influence to those,  
Who know nor comfort, nor repose,  
But drain the bitter Chalice dry,  
Offer'd by meagre Poverty!—  
Whose Children bread in vain implore,  
When the starv'd Parents have no more!  
Nor fire their frozen limbs to warm,  
But, shivering, cowers the squalid form!  
—Then is the time—for those who share  
High boons from Heaven's indulgent care—  
Part of their blessings to bestow,  
On those who Misery's anguish know.  
—Such gifts may chance the Hand restrain,  
Impell'd to crime by Hunger's pain—  
—Such bounty melt the stony Heart,  
Harden'd in Grief's unpitied smart!

Winter!—dire thy mournful gloom,  
When Joy's bright beams no more illumine;  
When Grief, and brooding Thought, have power,  
To steep in gloom each lonely hour.  
—Where all within is dark and drear,  
How stern thy influences appear!  
—We pine and languish for the ray,  
Of bright'ning Spring's reviving day,  
And bid thee, Winter!—hence!—away!

LUCY ASHTON, TO RAVENSWOOD.

---

THEY tell me, thou art faithless grown,  
In yon far foreign land ;  
That soon another Bride will own  
Thy now apostate hand.

And, tauntingly, they chaplets twine,  
Of the sad willow-bough ;  
And say the doleful gift is thine,  
To wreath my faded brow.

They press me with a Stranger's suit—  
They urge a Stranger's claim ;—  
But though my tongue and lips are mute,  
My heart is still the same—

As when we dared our troth to plight,  
Within yon leafy shade,  
Whose murm'ring fountain dancing bright,  
Responsive music made.

---

And when my nerves are all unstrung,  
My heart oppress'd and sore,  
I hide myself those bowers among,  
And live our meetings o'er.

I muse upon thy bearing proud—  
Thy dark and flashing eye,—  
Nor can I think thy soul has bow'd  
To such deep treachery!

Where I with thee have rov'd—there beams  
A glory o'er the place,  
And, like remember'd, happy dreams,  
Thy presence there I trace.

Lull'd by that softly whisp'ring rill,  
In thine ancestral bowers;  
I oft forget that thorns will still  
Lurk 'mid the sweetest flowers.

Ill-omen'd was our meeting there—  
Ill-omen'd was the love,  
A Parent's blessing may not share,  
Nor sanction from above.

But nought can change this trusting heart,  
To thee how fully given!  
And doom'd on Earth to live apart,  
Yet may we meet in Heaven!

# INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT OF HEALTH.

*Written May 10th, 1832,*

*After a long and dangerous illness, and while still  
labouring under the pressure of indisposition.*

---

**SPIRIT of Health!—thy presence I invoke—**

Long has thy calm been absent from my mind;  
Crush'd 'neath the weight of Sickness' iron yoke,  
Long has my languid frame for thy sweet influence  
pin'd!

**On softest couches, thou dost not abide—**

Pillows of down are seldom pressed by thee—  
In curtain'd chambers, have I vainly sigh'd,  
—Still dost thou shun my sad society!

**Where shall I find thee?—I have drain'd the bowl**

Of Mad'cine oft, to woo thy soft return;  
Yet still thy peace is absent from my soul,  
—Still do my veins with Fever's hectic burn!

Fruitless for me, unfolds the letter'd page,  
Once source of purest pleasure unalloy'd;  
The tale of Fancy—or the lesson sage—  
Unheeded now—their relish all destroy'd.

The fairy forms, 'twas happiness to see,  
The childish mirth, it once was joy to hear;  
Now yield no soft maternal bliss to me,  
But startle oft, th' acute, the morbid ear.

Spirit of Health! return—I pray return!—  
Long has thy calm been absent from my mind;  
My heart is sad—my veins with fever burn—  
Long has my languid frame for thy sweet influence  
pin'd!

Afar I see thee!—'mid the blush of Morn,  
Guiding the Lab'rer on his early way;  
Or, 'neath the shelter of yon aged Thorn,  
Watching the Cotter's childrens' artless play!

I would pursue thee to the thymy hill!—  
—Full well I know thou lov'st its breezy air;  
But o'er my limbs, is Languor's 'numbing chill,  
—Ah! no, I cannot yet pursue thee there!

Spirit of Health! I worship thee in vain!—

At my Creator's throne, I bow the knee:—

Oh! if it be Thy will, may Grief—may Pain—

A patient, humble victim find in me!

Yet if Thy gracious Providence incline,

To hear the prayer my trembling pen portrays;

Oh God! may all my future days be thine,

And may new Health give strength to hymn Thy  
praise !

Spirit of Health !—it may not be my fate—

Below, to share thy bliss—to wear thy bloom ;

But Faith, with eager confidence elate,

Points to thy joys in worlds beyond the Tomb !

TO MY BOY.  
*A Mother's Prayer.*

---

I have a Boy of "three" years old;  
 His face is fair and fresh to see;  
 His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,  
 And dearly he loves me.

WORDSWORTH.

---

When Grief and Pain together cast  
 Their deadliest shadows o'er my heart;  
 When keenly blows the Eastern blast,  
 And Hope's enliv'ning dreams depart:  
 When Sickness bows my feeble form,  
 And gloomy thoughts my peace destroy,—  
 Thy sunny smile my soul can warm  
 With Joy's bright beams—my darling Boy!

Thy sunny smile!—no thought of guile—  
 E'er crossed that Cherub lip and brow;—  
 Oh! may the scoff—the envious wile—  
 Be ever strangers there—as now!



And, fearlessly, thy loving eyes  
Look up, an answ'ring love to see ;—  
While sad and tender thoughts arise,  
My precious Child—gazing on thee !

That spotless brow!—is fitting throne  
For Innocence, to sit enshrined ;  
Nor does its pure expanse disown  
Rich promise of the wealth of mind :  
Grant, Gracious Heav'n ! that guilt may ne'er  
Contract that fair and flowing line ;—  
Almighty Father ! hear my prayer,  
And make him early, wholly Thine !

Oh ! may thy Holy Spirit guard  
My treasure, 'mid Earth's wild'ring maze ;  
His gentle heart from danger ward,  
And the temptation that betrays !  
May the soft hand, which fervently,  
Returns the tender clasp of mine,  
Ne'er sully, 'mid Pollution's dye,  
But Health, Religion, Peace, be thine !

NOTES  
TO THE  
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

---

NOTE I.

For thee we pluck the flowers of Spring,  
And twine them 'mid our flowing hair;  
While rose-bud wreaths we gaily fling,  
To shed their balmy fragrance there.

*Page 60, verse 3.*

"Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments: and  
let no flower of the spring pass by us:

"Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they be  
withered."

*Wisdom of Solomon, chap. ii. verses 8, 9.*

NOTE II.

Far as the Earth's remotest bound  
Is heard, though silently, their voice;

*Page 78, verse 2.*

"There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are  
heard among them.

"Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words  
unto the ends of the world."

*Psalms xix. verses 3, 4.*

## NOTE III.

Too finely strung, her Heart had broke,  
When bliss its thrilling music woke.

*Page 113, lines 21, 22.*

The Story of Meta is founded on an authenticated circumstance, which I have extracted from the Monthly Review, Vol. I. No. 3, March 1833.—

“But the strangest fact of all is, that sudden Joy is one of the most fatal disturbers possible of the human mind. Zimmermann, in his Treatise on general and particular Experience in the Art of Healing, mentions the case of a Dutch female, who fell a victim to Joy.

“The family were respectable, but met with reverses, and were reduced to indigence. Whilst in this condition, the eldest son, who had been some years absent, returned home with a considerable fortune, and being desirous of communicating so pleasant a piece of news to his sister in a practical manner, he presented her with one of the richest jewels. She instantly fell down as if struck by lightning, and expired.

“The history of Ancient Greece contains narratives of similar effects being produced by sudden Joy.”

